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WAR SONG OF THE ZOUAVES!

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

AIR—"*All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border.*"

I.

Roars the loud cannon and peals the shrill bugle far,
On ye bold war dogs, the foemen are nigh—
Guard well our banner, yes, every bright stripe and star,
Swear for Columbia to conquer or die.

CHORUS—
Forward, brave Wilson, and lead on your fighting men,
March to the music, quick time, in good order:
Charge, Ellsworth, charge, with the Zouaves and the Firemen,
Drive all the traitor hordes over the border.

II.

Gird on your armor and welcome the battle ground,
Fling out the flag of the brave and the free:
While the whole world will your honor and fame resound,
Guarding the soil of fair Liberty's tree.

CHORUS—Forward, &c.

III.

They swear the North has not courage to face a foe—
Think that the Zouaves at fighting are green—
Give them a touch of our two-forty tiger blow,
When we pump thunder upon the machine.

CHORUS—Forward, &c.

IV.

Soon we will toss up the old bummer Beauregard,
Show them our bluff game is better than Bragg—
Hemp is the trump, and for traitors a true reward,
Man the rope, boys, for the star spangled flag.

CHORUS—
Forward, brave Wilson, and lead on your fighting men,
March to the music, quick time, in good order;
Charge, Ellsworth, charge, with the Zouaves and the Firemen,
Drive all the traitor hordes over the border.

THE DESPERATE STAKE

OR,

THE LAST HAND IN THE GAME OF LIFE.

A TALE OF NEW YORK NOW-A-DAYS.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF VICE AND VIRTUE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS; LOVE, MURDER, AMBITION, REVENGE, THE THIRST FOR GOLD, INCENDIARISM, THE FIREMEN, TRACT SOCIETIES, POLITICS, POLICE, THE UPPER AND THE LOWER CRUST, THE COURT, THE PRISON, ETC., ETC.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN F. POOLE,

Dramatist.

CHAPTER VII.

Bill Cain—A Dead Beat—Miss Slygoit's Insinuations—The Battle of the Amazons—Grand Set-To between "the Pride of Tipperary" and the "Benecia Gal"—A Knock Down Argument for Burly Butt—The Heart-broken Wife and the Convict Husband—A Trying Scene—The Wife's Threat—Ralph Rayton a Bigamist—The Oath at the Altar—Mrs. Nipgin an Eves Dropper—A Cry for Death.

BILL CAIN was an ugly little man.

Bill Cain was "worth money."

Bill Cain was a miser, a no-souled rascal.

Bill Cain was a dead beat.

Bill Cain was the owner of a large number of crazy, tumble-down tenement houses, out of which Bill Cain made a heap of cash.

Bill Cain's rule was "pay up or clear out;" and many a sick man and starving family—many a poor widow and dying child—many a poor child and dying mother Bill Cain turned into the street.

A notable man was Bill Cain.

Had any one in the neighborhood a cant-stand-alone-shanty to sell, Bill Cain was the man to apply to; he was always ready to buy such property. The older the house, the more dilapidated, the more shabby and wretched looking, the more it was to his fancy.

"Big brick houses," he would say, "I hate the sight of 'em; look too grand; too fine altogether; extravagance; sure to bring ruin; give me the old ones: the tumble-down ones always sure of tenants; can turn 'em out when you like; take 'em in when you like; too poor to say anything; can do what you please with them. Then, they bring in the money; no insurance premiums to pay, either; if they catch fire, let them burn down, no great loss. Yes, the little houses, the old houses, the houses that are ready to fall are the style for me."

In one of Bill Cain's "stacks of fire-wood" lived a woman, named Maybell. Mrs. Maybell was a thin, haggard, sorrowful looking creature, always dressed in the shabbiest, and always looking as if in some great trouble. At first sight she appeared to be about five-and-forty years old; but a closer look made evident the fact that she was a woman grown prematurely old. Her years on earth numbered but twenty-nine or thirty.

The other occupants of the "shanty" knew nothing of Mrs. Maybell—who she was; where she came from; what were her means of support were all a mystery. No hermit buried in the seclusion of the wilderness was more unapproachable, more unsociable, and more disinclined to familiar intercourse than was she.

At various times the neighbors tried to "ring in on her," but in vain. No matter how hard they tugged at the handle, the pump was dry.

"A plague upon such people," said Mrs. Nipgin. "One might as well be in the forests of Bavaria. There she is always; her door locked, as if we were all thieves. A plague upon such people, say I!"

"Only yesterday I went to ask her for the loan of a saucepan," said Mrs. Weedrop; "and though I knocked as often as six times at the door the bloody rip didn't open it. It's my opinion she's always drunk."

"What does she do for a living?" put in short Miss Slygoit. "That's what I've been trying to make out. She's not good, I'll bet my head. I watched her the other evening go out at seven o'clock, and she didn't come back till after twelve. That's a bad sign."

"The divil you did!" exclaimed Mrs. McCashel.

"It's as true as you stand there; and more than that, I met her in Broadway at twelve o'clock at night, not two weeks ago. She wouldn't be tramping the streets at that hour if she was a decent woman."

"And did any one else see her?" asked Mrs. McCashel.

"No, I was all alone."

"An' might I be afther axin', Miss, what you were doing tramping the streets at that hour?"

"What's that to you, you impudent hussey?"

"Oh, nothin' at all; but it looks suspicious."

"What do you mean, you Irish Biddy?" cried Miss Slygoit, growing excited at the imputation.

"Biddy! Biddy! is it you call me? Bad luck to you, for a dirty *sthrawl*. I'm a dacint woman, and so was my father an' mother before me; it's two pins I'd take and ram the word down your ugly throat!"

"You can't do it, nor no other nasty Greek like you. Just touch me once, touch me, and I'd soon take the bull eyes out of you!"

In an instant Mrs. McCashel was "in her wool." The battle of the Amazons commenced. The noise soon brought the other inhabitants of the house to the scene of conflict, the landing by Mrs. Nipgin's door."

"Go in, Sal, I'll hold your bonnet!"

"Give it to her, 'Tipperary!'"

"Sail in little one; I'll bet my pile on you!"

"Don't strike below the belt!"

"Walk into her hair; give us another handful!"

"Go it, Benecia gal!"

These were some of the exclamations of the crowd that gathered around.

They fought as only women can fight. Talk about your Heenan, Morrissey, Sayers, Staleybridge babbies and such "fire away and take it aizy" fisticators. What is a square-elbowed-knock-you-down-and-let-you-get-up-again mill in the circumscribed bounds of four and twenty feet to the all-over, bite, scratch and drag-about scrimmage of two excited feminine "pugnacities?"

Hair, calico, lace and linen flew in every direction; nails plied busily, and blood flowed freely; eyes that were blue, might now be termed "black eyes." In the language of Byron—

> "They battled as battled the knights of old,
> With bards to sing their praises;
> Or, as battle the waves and the storm cliffs bold,
> They battled—they battled—like blazes."

The combatants were down, the little one on top using her dexter mawley on the other's "koup." The spectators dancing around, cheering, applauding, encouraging, when a new personage appeared on the scene.

The new comer was a tall man, wearing a long drab coat and a slouched hat; he mounted the stairs with a quick step.

He seized the uppermost woman by the arm and forcibly raised her up. She had scarcely enough rags left on her to cover her nakedness, while her opponent was much the same, but "a little more so."

"Have done!" he cried. "This is nice work for ladies."

"Let me go! let me go! you son of a——." She mentioned the usual name of a dog of the female persuasion.

"For shame! for shame! Women were never made for fighting; women are not bulls or bears. Have done."

"What do you want to interfere for?" cried Burley Butt, a rough looking fellow who had been loudest in urging on the Amazons.

Without a word the new-comer brought his fist forcibly in contact with the fellow's snout, and he measured his length beside the recumbent "fighting woman." After which act the philanthropic individual continued on his way up.

The pugnacious females were removed to their respective apartments, where the process of washing, plastering fingernail wounds, and re-dressing was soon in motion. Mrs. Weedrop crept quietly up the stairs, and in a few moments returned to inform her very good friend, Mrs. Nipgin, of the fact that the stranger entered the room of that sly, hateful creature, Mrs. Maybell. Only think of it, a man in her room in broad daylight! and the thing thinks herself better than us."

Mrs. Maybell was seated by the window sewing. Her back was turned to the door, as her visitor entered. Turning round she started to her feet with an exclamation of surprise.

"Don't disturb yourself, my dear, pray don't," said her visiter coolly.

"What, Ralph! What are you come for now? Oh, why do you persecute me thus?"

"Now, my love, you give yourself the most unnecessary fears. Ah, thank you, it's very kind of you to look towards the chair in that manner; I will take a seat." He removed his great coat and hat, displaying the fashionably dressed figure of the Hon. Captain Formesley; otherwise the escaped convict, Ralph Rayton.

"How do you get along here? Find the world smooth and nice to travel? By the way, my love, have you anything to eat in the house?" he added, without waiting for an answer to his first questions.

"Yes, there's some bread and a little meat, there; I will get it for you."

"Bread and meat! have you nothing nicer than that? Faugh! bread and meat! however, I feel somewhat hungry, so just trot it out, my love."

Mrs. Maybell set on the table such eatables as she had.

"Now, my pet," said Ralph, as he satisfied his appetite, "I suppose, now, you're puzzling your poor brains to imagine what has brought me here. I'll ease your mind, by informing you, my angel, that I have come here to have a little chat with my own, my brightest, my best Nance."

"Oh, Ralph, do not mock me; you once called me so; that was many years ago; we were happy then. I thought your love for me would last while life lasted. I thought that when the cold world frowned on me—if frown it should—your smile would banish every tear. I thought that when my hair turned grey and my step grew feeble yours would be the hand to guide, to protect me. I thought that when death came and the cold grave was my narrow home, yours would be the hand to smooth my last pillow, to plant the flowers of affection on the mound that covered me. I thought all this; but, God help me! how I was mistaken."

"Now, my love, why do you talk that way? don't, don't; it affects me; I shall be moved to tears if you continue it."

"I will cease, for alas! it does me no good."

"That's right, my dear; that's sensible. I believe I asked you, how do you get along? What do you employ your time at? How do you make out the necessary mopusses to keep things going? You haven't such a thing as a little money laid by, have you?"

"Oh, Ralph, you have no idea how I have to struggle to keep a roof over me, and get a bit to eat."

"That's the worst of large cities. Now, how much better one can get along in a nice country village, such as Sing Sing for instance; but the confinement there is too irksome—that's why I left it so suddenly. You see, my love, I had two years more to stay, according to the document the authorities were kind enough to send up with me. But what are you sewing on? a new dress, my pet, is it?"

"They are overalls. I make them for a store in Murray street, and get twenty-five cents a dozen for them."

"'Twenty-five cents! what, for a whole dozen? Oh that's too infernal bad. How many dozen can you turn out in a week?"

"Generally four dozen; sometimes five or six. I could not live on that, so I am obliged to have recourse to something else."

"And what is that, my sugar plum? nothing wrong I hope, eh?"

"I buy, at a store in the Bowery, shoes, caps and money bags, trimmed with beads to imitate Indian work; these I peddle in the evenings, selling them in saloons, hotels, and such places. At that I make out a little better. I would sell them in the day time, but that I am ashamed to show myself. I can just manage to live; no more."

"Yet, my pet, you have bread and meat lying by; and tender meat, too, upon my soul. I appreciate your taste."

"I do not have meat very often. That I had for my dinner, I hadn't time to eat yet."

"How very lucky; and I had such an appetite. Now, my pet, to the little matter that brought me here. Will you oblige me by dropping that work for a few moments, and giving me your attention?"

Mrs. Maybell turned so as to face him.

"Now," said Rayton, taking a newspaper from his pocket, "I will commence by reading to you a little article from the *Herald*. It's a long time since I last had the exquisite happiness of reading to you; however, I wont talk of that, it might move us to tears again. Have I your attention, my dear?" and he read—

"MARRIED—On Friday, the 6th instant, by Alderman Feathernest, the Hon. Captain Maximillian Formesley, of the British army, to Eveline Tenpercent, only daughter of Solomon Tenpercent, broker, of this city."

"There, my love, what do you think of that?"

"What am I to think of it? I do not know the parties."

"Ah, no; I forgot that. How stupid I am, to be sure. I'll introduce you to one of the parties, the honorable bridegroom;" and Rayton stood up. "Mrs. Ralph Rayton—allow me to introduce to you the Hon. Captain Maxemillian Fonnesley. My dearest Nance, that is my name at present."

"You! no, no. You would try me. You are joking. You would not, you could not do that. Oh, you are jesting with me. Ralph! Ralph! say you are."

"What! and utter a falsehood. My dear, think of my honor."

"But, Ralph, I am your wife. You could not marry another; that would be bigamy."

"So it would, my pet; and that is why I came to see you, fearing that you might learn the fact from other lips, and mention that I was already tied—no, I mean wedded to you—I came myself to inform you of it, and to desire you, should you ever be questioned on the matter—for people will ask foolish questions—to say that you are a widow. You know you have resumed your maiden name of Maybell, and that will bear you out."

"Oh, Ralph, Ralph, could you be so base? Oh, I cannot believe it; and yet——"

"It is true, my dove."

"True, true. Oh God, married to another, and I, your wife, living! Oh if you have one spark of pity left, kill me, kill me, and end this terrible trial," cried the heart-broken woman.

"Kill you! my angel. That would be murder, and murder is a terrible crime; besides, it is a hanging matter; and besides, you will die nice and quietly one of these days, and then I shall shed briny tears and be very sorry indeed."

This mockery was too much. Ralph Rayton don't go too far, for the greatest student of human hearts that ever lived tells us that, "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned."

"Once for all: tell me, Ralph, is this true; are you married to another? Have you done this thing?"

"My dear, haven't I already told you I have; do you think I'd tell a lie? Oh, but if you knew what I married besides the girl—a fortune! a fortune!"

"And for that you have forsaken me; for that you have committed bigamy. Think not that I will be silent. No, I will proclaim to the world your perfidy, your guilt. When you first met me, Ralph Rayton, what was I? Answer me. What was I?"

"You were a charming girl. You were what you are now, my bright, my beautiful."

"Ralph Rayton, do not mock me. I was a girl of eighteen; I was an only child; I had every luxury, I had fond and doting parents; I had a happy home. You sought my hand—you vowed to be true to me, to love me as your life, to cherish and guard me till the angel of death came between us; you promised that my pathway through life should be through a garden of sunshine and flowers—at the altar of God you renewed those vows. What was I then, what am I now?"

The bold man, the hardened criminal quailed beneath her stern voice and flashing eye.

"Since then what have you done for me?" she continued, with even more vehemence, "you brought me to shame, to sorrow, to misery—you made me an outcast, a wretch ashamed to look my fellow creatures in the face, a convict's wife, an old woman ere thirty years have seen me live—you have shortened my days—for, Ralph Rayton, I see the cold hand above my head, and I feel that it will soon descend and claim me. But ere I die I will make known your guilt; I will seek out this girl you have wronged—I will let her know who and what you are."

Ralph Rayton was stunned. He did not expect this ebullition of wrathful feelings from the weak woman whose words now cowed him.

"Nance Rayton," he said, with as much composure as he could command, "you are excited now, I will leave you; I will call again, however, for I cannot forget that you are my first, my best, my brightest, though a cruel world has separated us; I go." He put on his great coat and hat. "As I said, I will call, and, my love, if in the meantime you should be questioned, remember that you swore at the altar to love, honor, and obey, and I *command* you to keep silent. Good day, my pet, *au revoir; bon soir.*"

As he opened the door, a figure skipped lightly down the stairs before him. It was Mrs. Nipgin.

Mrs. Rayton—let us now call her by her right name—fell back into her chair, her head dropped on the window sill.

"God help me!" she cried aloud, "God help me, and teach me what to do. Oh! death, death, you are welcome now."

CHAPTER VIII.

Bill Cain Calls for His Rent—Amy Begs a Little Time—The Devil Lust—An Insulting Proposal Answered with Dignity—The Threat of Ejection—Amy's Virtue the Price of a Wretched Tenement—The Day of Reckoning—The Bride of Captain The Hon. Maximillian Formesley has a Strange Visitor—Old Chums Fall Out—The Attempt at Assassination—A Disclosure.

AMY STERNE, as we have said, had obtained employment with a weekly remuneration of three dollars. This sum was a small one to support three persons, so that they soon found themselves indebted to the landlord for two months' rent, and their landlord was a man that would have his money or else his room; misfortune, sickness, starvation, death, or any other excuse was nothing to him when he demanded his rent. In fact their landlord's name was Bill Cain.

Amy had an afternoon home, she was alone, her mother had taken little Bob out to get the air, for the poor child was in delicate health. Amy was turning her half-holiday to good advantage by making repairs in her scanty wardrobe.

As she sat turning over her few articles of clothing she heard loud voices in the adjoining room, they were the voices of the landlord and her next door neighbor, Mrs. Gabbey. The sound of a retreating footstep followed. A minute after came a knock at her door.

"Come in!" she cried rising.

Bill Cain entered. He didn't turn to close the door after him. It was one of Bill Cain's peculiarities to leave the door open as well when he entered as when he took his departure.

"Good afternoon, Miss, I've called for the rent," he said bluntly.

"The rent, sir."

"Yes, the rent, that's what I said. There's two months due to-day. Have you got it?"

"We have not got it to-day sir, but in a little time we will be able to pay you, give us but a short time, and you shall have your money."

"Short time, eh, that's an ingenius idea, do you think that I get houses for nothing? do you think that I keep an almshouse? do you think that I'm going to have people occupying my rooms without paying for them? No, not by a great sight. The rent is due, I let you slide last month and now you ain't no better this. This ain't going to do, and that's the short and the long of it."

"Give us but a couple of weeks. You shall have your money, every cent of it. I expect better paying employment in a few days and then we can be more prompt with the rent."

"Give you another month, and then some fine morning I'll find you stepped out with the three month's. Oh, no, Bill Cain is not so soft as that ere amounts to. I've been swindled too often to let myself be chissled out of my due now."

A swindler! His words brought the tears to Amy's eyes, which, as is the case with most women; had the effect of heightening her beauty.

As Bill Cain gazed on her, his ferret eyes lighted up, his sinister face wore an expression most hideous. The devil, lust, entered his heart and took possession there.

"Well, now, I did'nt say that ere to set you crying," he said. "The rent ain't so much, an I suppose you mean to pay it some time or other."

"Indeed, indeed we do!"

"Well, now, suppose I was to forgive you it, eh! then what would you say?"

"For-give—forgive it. No, sir, we shall pay you, we do not ask for charity," she said with dignity.

"Charity be ——— ! who said you did. Look a here, to come to the point, you need'nt trouble your head about the rent if you'll just do one thing as I wants you to.

"And that is?"

"Let you and I play man and wife for a short time."

"What do you mean, sir?" she cried.

"Why, I mean you're a good looking gal, I ain't married. There's nobody here but yourself and me, and if you choose you can pay the rent in ——— "

"Shame, oh, man! man! how dare you thus insult a girl whom you deem defenceless! Is poverty the seal of sin? Because want and misery lay their icy fingers on me, am I to make my soul a hideous charnel house? Am I to pay your little sum of rent with the only treasure left the poor and lowly, the priceless jewel of my spotless honor?"

Bill Cain did'nt quite understand this fine speech.

"Oh, it ain't no use to talk highflowin'," he replied, "you owe me the money. I can turn you out, out, out, to die in the streets, or to beg a lodging at the station-house. I don't want to do it. And I wont, if you'll only grant me what I asked. As pretty girls as ever you was have done it, and made no bones about it either, 'cause if they did, I'd ha' turned them into the streets, and once in the streets they have met worse fellows than Bill Cain I can tell yer."

"Go, go, wretch! leave me! You are too base a thing for contact with virtue. So, quit this room."

"Ha, ha, that's a precious good joke. Quit this room, eh? Quit my own room in my own house, by George I like that."

"It is my room while I retain possession, and I *order* you out."

"Now! now! now! what's the use of getting into a passion? can't you listen to reason. It's only a word."

"And that word shall never pass my lips. No, though death, death by the cruellest, the most lingering torture that ever man invented to rack his fellow, awaited the issue, my lips would be sealed against the emission of that word. Go, you have no business here, go!" she cried with a startling vehemence as she pointed to the door.

The loud words brought Mrs. Gabbey and others of the tenants to the landing.

"'Nough said," was Bill Cain's response, "'nough said, you've tried to ride the high horse, but he'll tumble and upset you. Unless you 'come down,' or come down with the rent within a week, hear now, I'll pitch you and all belonging to you into the street, if I don't I hope I may roast in hell fire."

"I do not fear you, wretch. Go, do your worst, but remember a day of reckoning will surely come, when you shall answer for this insult to a poor, unprotected girl."

"Hum! in a week I want my rent, or out you go, head over heels, as sure as my name is Bill Cain!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

T. S.—1. As the rule is, in forty fives, to trump or follow suit, you were fully justified when trumps were led, in withdrawing the one you had played by mistake, and replacing it with a trump 2. The ace of hearts can "renig" to all other cards but the five and knave of trumps, at any time, whether hearts be trumps or not. 3. John Morrissey still lives. 4. Two or three of the first numbers of volume eight of the CLIPPER are out of print. 5. The verse you quote is a familiar classical allusion to an ancient city.

FIRST SERGEANT, Co A, Fort Kearney, N. T.—While we take great pleasure in accomodating our friends, we must respectfully decline to furnish goods without cash in hand. We have so many orders of the same sort, that unless we made and abided by the above rule, we should at all times be compelled to keep a large capital very unprofitably employed, as we do not calculate on making any profit, but send them invariably at cost.

S , New York.—1. We do not know the whereabouts of the lady. By keeping "one eye" on our theatrical summary for a week or two you may possibly post yourself. 2. You will observe in our columns this week, that your information in reference to the champion is incorrect, and that your doubts are well founded.

J. G. H., Windsor, C. W.—1. We know of no regular agency at the place named. 2. We can send the CLIPPER to England for $3 per annum, which includes the postage that must be paid on this side The receiver there will also have to pay one penny (two cents) per copy. 3. Have advertised the letter. 4. Thanks for items.

CONSTANT READER, Whitehall, N. Y.—1. The positions open for a young man in the navy depend altogether on his abilities and experience in seafaring. 2. You had better present your claims, and yourself, for examination at one of Uncle Sam's navy yards. Young men of ability are wanted just now.

A FUGITIVE FROM BALTIMORE.—We have quite a list of the names of certain parties engaged in the attack on the Massachusetts troops in Baltimore, but for the present, we consider it better policy not to publish it.

S. H. S., Boston.—He was last in Canada; but we cannot locate him at present It is probable, however, that he may be moving towards your State from Canada East.

C. D , Dexter, Me.—You are mistaken, the fowls named are not a cross, but a strain, and are supposed to be game. Where or how they originated we do not know.

A UNION MAN.—1. Wm. Pitt ranks among the first of British statesmen. 2. Philadelphia covers a larger area than any other city in America, we believe.

S. N. B., Providence, R. I.—Letters received, much obliged. You should have concentrated your thoughts on the game only. Items mised.

H. B., Madison, Ind.—1. We believe him to be quite reliable. 2. Thanks for your attention, as well as C. C's.

I. L. D., Spring Valley.—In the late Presidential contest, Douglas carried but a single State—Missouri.

OLD NIGGER SINGER.—*Draw Poker.*—B., having given up his right to C., he (B.) cannot come in.

F. B. S.—Under such circumstances, you would have no right to kill him. 2. We do not know where the lady resides.

JIM BURNS, late of New Orleans, is requested to send his address to the CLIPPER office. His brother is anxious to hear from him.

J. P. T., Monmouth, Ill.—We have no such work for sale. Probably some of our book advertisers may be able to furnish it.

ADELPHI, Pittsburgh.—Observe that we have curtailed your "doc" slightly, for reasons which you will probably divine.

M. A., Newport, Ky.—The American forces entrenched themselves behind cotton bales and other movables.

A. B., St. Louis.—The first No. of the NEW YORK CLIPPER was published on the 23d of April, 1853.

PHILADELPHIA, Hamilton, C. W.—The National Theatre, or Circus, is located on Walnut street above Eighth.

P. J., Chicago.—The same Jennings that created some little stir in this city some months ago.

M. M. S., Brasher Falls.—The Bill is good. Time expired with No. 5 present Vol.

F. B S.—The more proper way would be to obtain the gentleman's permission.

ELEPHANT CLUB, Mobile.—Forrest is not performing anywhere at present.

J. A. C., Leavenworth.—1. E. L. Davenport. 2. Not the same.

ORATON.—There is no such word, according to your spelling.

W. H. T., Baltimore.—We have a correspondent there.

WAR AND RUMORS OF WAR.

THE war theme is the all-engrossing topic at the present time; and, to all semblance, will be for months to come—perhaps longer. It is no wonder, then, that journals universally take up the subject and discuss it. At the earliest stages of the rebellion, reasonable grounds for a peaceable settlement of the difficulty were entertained; but, as the rebellion progressed, all hopes of an amicable adjustment became less; and now it is regarded as a "fixed fact" that Americans must and will confront each other as foes on the battle field.

It is useless now to deplore this state of things. A mighty revolution is amongst us, and it only belongs to every true lover of his country to lend a helping hand in some way or other, to aid that country in the hour of need. So far as a public journalist can assist that cause, through the medium of his columns, the CLIPPER will not be found wanting. Our valiant volunteers and soldiers can safely reckon on our sincere faith in their courage and daring—the descendants of heroes can never be cowards. The CLIPPER will, at all times, be ready to record the valorous deeds of those who have so cheerfully girded on their armor to do battle for their country. The "signs of the times" are, indeed, big with "coming events." Every week the war clouds are moving together, and as they approach each other, their velocity increases. Troops continue to concentrate at Washington, and enrolment and enlistment are continually adding to the number. The Southern rebels, too, are, from all reliable information before us, rapidly preparing for an approaching fight. And it is supposed that at Richmond, in its vicinity, or somewhere on the banks of the Potomac, between Alexandria and Richmond, a conflict will ensue. The battle cry of England's greatest naval hero, which was passed through his fleet with loud tremendous cheers, is just the battle cry, with the exception of the substitution of one word for our Northern Volunteers. Substituting AMERICA for ENGLAND, and we have:—

AMERICA EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.

Anticipating, what may shortly be realized, a general engagement, let every man go forth to the battle with a firm resolve to do his duty. We would that every volunteer had been the pupil of athletic exercises, gymnastic schooling, and pugilistic science Without the remotest desire or intention to detract from the merits of the uninitiated, we are sure that those whose muscular powers have been strengthened by a course of training, can now prove their superiority in every duty appertaining to a soldier. Had all our volunteers been philosophers and practitioners of and in the school we advocate, what a phalanx of invincibles would the boasted chivalry of the South have to contend with!

Those boys of the lesser ring will be found just as cool and collected in the more extended arena. Their practised eyes will scan at a glance the weak points of their adversary; and their endurance of punishment, and their readiness to administer it, will give them a mastery over their antagonists in a close, stand up fight, that will ensure victory. Our schools, efficient as they are, do not come up to the full standard of efficiency; nor will they until athletic exercises are fostered and introduced as a part of the boys' education. To this subject we may refer again. In the meantime, let every available circumstance and opportunity be embraced by our troops, especially the recently organized volunteers, to strengthen their frames and prepare themselves to endure hardship.

The rumbling of wars and rumors of wars is distinctly heard in the Old and in the New World. Famine desolates in India what a destructive war had left. Bankruptcy stares Austria full in the face, with the almost certain prospect of losing Hungary and Venetia. The tocsin of war is sounding in Italy. The same blast is blowing in France, if we take the vast preparations making there as the sign. Denmark expects an attack from Prussia. The Turkish Empire is trembling from top to foundation. Bosnia is already in arms. The agents of a speedy dissolution agitate Rome, and Poland is showing signs of a revolution. And *here*, in America, must we record our present condition? Two words, and only two, tell the story—CIVIL WAR!

A SPORTING CONUNDRUM.—Why is a bad shot like an amusing fellow? Because he is just the boy to keep the game alive.

MR. RICHARD TEN BROECK AT NEWMARKET.—The First Newmarket Spring Meeting, which commenced on the 29th of April and concluded on the 3d of May, was redundant in the best kind of sport, and as usual, immense sums of money shifted owners, more particularly in the two principal events, the One Thousand and Two Thousand Guineas Races, reports of which we give elsewhere. Of late years, American interest has been especially directed to turf matters among our trans Atlantic brethren, because of the competition that has been going on between their "fast 'uns" and our own thoroughbreds, under the supervision of the redoubtable turf speculator whose name heads this article. He does not appear to have entered into the leading races of this meeting, but has contented himself, doubtless, in investing on horses owned by others; and judging from the shrewdness evinced by him in past events, it is more than likely that said investments were made largely to his own advantage. In some of the minor events of the meeting, however, he took a hand in, but with ill success, as the nearest approach he made to winning was second place. For the enlightenment of those interested in his doings, we give a running summary of the races in which his horses were entered, and the order in which they were placed.

TUESDAY, April 30.—A Sweepstake of 10 sovs. each, for two year olds; colts 8st 7lb; fillies 8st 4lb; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs; last half of Ab. M. (3fur 217yds); 8 subs.

Capt Coates' br f Dux, by Windhound, 8st 4lb.....H Grimshaw 1
Mr R Ten Broeck's Knight of the Garter, by Sovereign out of Levity by Trustee (bred in America), 8st 7lb.....G Fordham 2
Mr Flutter's br f Hambleton Lass, by Hermit, 8t 4lb....Charlton 3

There were five others started. The distance was run in 55 sec.

WEDNESDAY, May 1.—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; two year olds 7st, three 9st; fillies allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs, if demanded, &c.; if for 200 sovs, allowed 5lb; last half of Ab. M. (3fur 217yds); 3 subs.

Duke of Bedford's Hesper, by Hesperus, 3 years, 8 st 9 lb, (200 sovs).....S Rogers 1
Capt Coates' Dux, 2yrs, 6st 6lb, carried 6st 8lb,(200).H Grimshaw 2
Mr R Ten Broeck's Woodford, 2yrs, (300).....pd

Betting: 3 to 1 on Hesper, who won in a canter by three lengths. Run in 57 seconds

SAME DAY.—A Handicap Plate of 50 sovs, for three year olds and upwards; Bretby Stakes Course (6 fur).

His three year old Evenhand, carrying a weight of 6st 13 lb, and ridden by Barlow, was placed seventh in a field of 17 starters and 12 withdrawn. Run in 1 min. 22 sec. Evenhand is entered for the Derby and St. Leger.

SAME DAY.—A Free Handicap of 200 sovs each, h ft, for four year olds and upwards. T. M. M. (1m 7fur 168yds); 3 subs.

Mr H Savile's Parmesan, by Sweetmeat, 4yrs, 7st 13lb..A Edwards 1
Mr R Ten Broeck's Umpire, 4yrs, 8st 3 d..... G Fordham 2
Lord Derby's Cape Flyaway, 4yrs, 8st 7lb.....Aldcroft 3

SAME DAY.—A Selling Handicap of 10 sovs each, for three year olds and upwards; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs, if demanded, &c.; first half of Ab. M. (3fur 215yds); 9 subs.

Mr Flutter's Lady Derby, by Turnus, Flatcatcher, or Hermit, 3 yrs, 7st.....J Daley 1
Mr S Theilusson's Forester, 3yrs, 7st 7lb (carried 7st 9id).....G Fordham 2
Mr Barnard's Warrior, 3yrs, 7st 2lb.....H Grimshaw 3
Mr W Nelson's f by Stockwell—Selina, 3yrs, 7st.....Maidment 4
Mr Payne's Borodino, 3yrs, 7st 2lb.....Drewe 5
Mr R Ten Broeck's Chiffonniere, 3yrs, 6st 7lb.....Barlow 6

Run in 55 sec. Chiffonniere is entered for the Oaks and St. Leger.

FRIDAY, May 3.—A Plate of 50 sovs., for maiden two year olds; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs.; last half of R. M.

Mr. John Dawson's br c The Broad Arrow, by Longbow out of Tingle, 8st 7lb.....Custance 1
Mr. E. Thomas' f Girdle, 8st 4lb.....J. Goater 2
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Woodford, 8st 7lb.....G. Fordham 3

There were eight other starters and two drawn in the above race. Run in 55 secs.

SAME DAY.—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; two year olds 6st 10lb, three 8st 10lb; fillies and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs if demanded, &c; first half of Ab. M. (3 fur 215 yds); 8 subs.

Mr. Ten Broeck's Knight of the Garter, 2 yrs 6st 10lb, ridden by Bradley was set down as last on the list. Hambleton Lass, 2yrs, 6st 7lb ridden by Daly, being the winner in 53 secs.

THE LATE CHESS MATCH.—Mr. Leonard's expose of the disgraceful manner in which he was treated by the Philadelphia chess players, in his recent match with one of their champions, has awakened public attention to many points of a like nature which had occurred when New Yorkers were previously pitted against the Quaker City magnets, but which, until Mr. Leonard exposed their duplicity, our people were willing to pass over as unintentional. Such a miserable, flimsy pretext for breaking off a match which Philadelphia was sure to lose, can create but one feeling, that of utter contempt for the Philadelphia party. Their organ, a "pinchbeck" concern, and which is seldom seen outside of the city in which it is published, made a lame attempt to defend itself and crew from the charges brought against it by Mr. Leonard; but the task was found to be such up-hill work, that the defence was abandoned as untenable. The editor of the "galvanized" chess organ of the Philadelphia snobs, indulges in his usual style of Billingsgate, and there he stops, being unable to make out anything but a bad case for himself and his valiant followers. It is another Fort Sumter affair, all Philadelphia against one New Yorker, terminating, however, in the discomfiture of the attacking forces, and leaving them in the same plight as Jeff. Davis' minions were left, without the least spark of sympathy. We pity our "pinchbeck" contemporary, but the lesson it has learned, though a bitter mortification, may not be without its good results in the end. Leonard, the young New Yorker, single-handed and alone, in a strange city, put the whole Philadelphia chess galaxy to flight. We may next expect to hear, that, like Jeff. Davis' disciples, they have turned privateers, and that their obscure organ has gone the way of all vulgar and illiterate concerns.

BOXIANA.—In another part of this issue, we give a record of two battles fought by Jack Carter, the Lancashire Hero, in times gone by. The report of these fistic events we copy from the pages of "Boxiana," a work published in London nearly half a century ago, and which has been out of print for many years. A paper published in this city, a sort of dogged journal, has been endeavoring to convey the impression that these, and similar reports were "written expressly" for *its* columns, thus altogether ignoring the fact that such a work as "Boxiana," from which it steals its fistic matter, ever had an existence. Very likely the battles which we publish in this issue, between Carter and Robinson, and between Carter and Oliver, and which we extract from "Boxiana," will also be found in the current number of the paper before referred to, under the barefaced caption of "written expressly for," so and so. The persons in the office of that "voracious," or veracious journal, (whichever the reader pleases) must be careful in future, and give credit where it is due. For charity's sake, we must suppose that, until we called attention to the fact, they were ignorant that such a work as "Boxiana" had ever been published. "They may twist it, and turn it, and do as they will," but the *truth* of the matter will hang round it still.

ANOTHER BIG RUN AT BILLIARDS.—Michael Foley, who, it will be remembered, was defeated by Dudley Kavanagh after a well contested match, played at Detroit at the time Phelan and Seereiter had their set-to, to the discomfiture of the latter has made what is claimed to be the highest run at billiards on record. He is now located at Cleveland, where he has a saloon, located on Bank street, and here it was that he, on Saturday the 11th inst, executed the curious feat. He had commenced a regular game, and made one count, when his opponent, in playing, pocketed his own ball, leaving the others "in the string." Foley played carefully, made three shots, and got the two red balls in a corner. Here he kept them for two hours, making the unprecedented number of 3,465. The red balls were at no time "frozen" or "in the jaw," but lying between one and two inches apart, and each about an inch from the corners of the pocket. The playing was with the right and left hands alternately. The time was as remarkable as the number counted; the first 500 points were made in 20 minutes; the fourth 500 in 16 minutes. The 3,465 points were counted in 2 hours and 10 minutes.

MORE BIG BILLIARDS.—At the American House Billiard Room, Boston, Mass., on the 16th inst., Mr. G. W. Bickford, of Concord, N. H., in playing the common four ball game on a Rockett Table, performed the feat of scoring one thousand and fifty-five points. The red balls were "jawed," and nearly every shot counted five. Mr. B. ceased playing only from fatigue. The score was kept by Wm. Wright of New York. The following named gentlemen verify the above statement.—William Wright, J. Geralds, and Jas. Evans.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—This match, according to our latest foreign advices, is progressing, and will take place in June. There is but little interest attached to it in this country, the war absorbing all attention just now.

SHAW, THE LIFE GUARDSMAN.—A week or two since we gave a sketch of the Life of Shaw, the Life Guardsman. A contemporary claims the authorship of that sketch. We are not surprised at such a "modest" claim, for the paper in question makes frequent drafts on the credulity of its readers. It is but necessary for us to say that the biography of Shaw, *from which the sketch was taken*, was *first published in this country in the columns of the* NEW YORK CLIPPER, in December, 1856! We refer our readers to their files of that date, in which they will find the article alluded to. With more plausibility, our neighbors might claim the authorship of Jeff Davis' proclamations. We give a specimen of our contemporary's originality, and "written expressly for this paper" dodge, in our present issue, in our record of "By-gone Battles" in the Prize Ring.

HEENAN A UNION MAN.—It will be remembered by our readers, that subsequent to his sporting tour through the States, Benish, with a view to business, settled down in New Orleans, and engaged in a profitable undertaking. When Jeff. Davis was pronounced President of the Confederate States, the Boy, it is reported was offered a big "posish" in the rebel forces if he would employ his sinew and muscle against the government of the United States; but Heenan, being sound on the Union question, indignantly refused the position offered, and backed up his refusal by asserting his love for that flag which he had fought under at Farnborough, and would fight under it again in defence of its honor and integrity. Bravo, John!

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have learned that the Champion arrived in New York on Saturday last, sound in mind and limb. "May his shadow never be less."

THE WAR AND THE HARVARD COLLEGE BOYS.—We learn that the patriotic students of old Harvard have formed companies for drill, and the bowling alley, together with the gymnasium, have been applied to new uses—the former serving as an armory, and the latter as a drill room. The military fever has struck home among the college boys, and deadened all their sports and exercises. The boating will be sadly neglected, the Harvard "six" having been deprived of a stroke oar by secession, and other crews suffer in a like manner. Two of the Harvard shells will be given for the time to crews of other classes, and an exchange of boats has taken place.

THE GREAT EASTERN, which was the great magnet of attraction last year as she lay at her berth on the North River, commands but little more notice now than a California steamer. The tents that were pitched in her shade will not be so now. The war tent is pitched, and the battle-clarion sounds to men-at-arms—"To your tents, O Americans!"

SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS

AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

PLUCK.—We admire pluck. Pluck is a good thing to be possessed of in these war times. John Taylor, of Eau Claire, Wis., has a pretty good stock on hand, and is putting it to a pretty good use. Having heard of the attack on the Massachusetts troops in Baltimore, he proceeded at once to call the "boys" of his vicinity together, and told them that there couldn't be any peace till the North went down and "scooped out" the rebels, and added that he was going, and wanted them to go with him. The boys replied, that "if he said it was all right, *they were in.*" He opened the books, and has now over one hundred members, all of whom want to go in for three years, or until the war is over. They are most all lumbermen, who offer to build a raft, provide themselves with food, and land either at Cairo *or Memphis*, as the government wish. Captain Taylor says they can march all day in the rain; sleep in a mud-puddle over night, and get up the next morning perfectly well for another march of the same sort. The Captain is fearful he is too late, and says if the Governor don't accept him he shall try the Governors of Illinois and Iowa, and if he can't get in there his boys propose to "go in on their own hook."

THE EMPIRE CITY REGIMENT, under Col. Andy Sheehan, is pretty nearly filled up, and a lively set of musclemen they are. On two or three occasions last week we visited their drill-rooms in Broadway, opposite Lafayette Hall, to gaze on the thick necks, broad shoulders, and excellent manœuvres of this band of brothers. It has not transpired whether all the officers are yet elected, but at any hour almost are to be found Ned Price, Billy Mulligan, Jim Hughes, Lewy Bieral, Pat Duffy, John Woods, Dick Casey, Andy Rogers, Jim Peckham, and others, wearing the jaunty fatigue cap of blue cloth and gold trimming, while little Dad Cunningham, (who has one of the finest libraries in the city, and is a profound reader,) is on hand to explain Coke and Blackstone. Hundreds have been refused on account of not being up to the standard, and none but the cast iron stuff can possibly be admitted. These chaps don't intend coming back without seeing service, and the sooner the delicate regiments are relieved by the Empire boys the better will it be for all hands.

BRIGADIER GENERAL DAN SICKLES, with Ned Price on one side, and Billy Mulligan on the other, arm in arm, entered the Metropolitan the other day for a "smile." Here they met the Chief, Tom Hyer, with some friends, who was on his way out. Dan was the first to see him, and he gave the order to "right-about-quick march" from whence he came, which Tom readily performed, jocularly remarking that he didn't wish to be court martialed. The bar-racks being reached, these gallant men smiled and smiled again, until the admiring audience of the hotel's patrons got so large, (to them unconsciously) that they were compelled to seek the street to prevent a blockade of Broadway; for such a number had collected to catch a glimpse of the heroes, it was feared the travel of vehicles would be stopped. Who dares to meet these four men hand to hand in all Secessiondom? There's NO twenty that would do it. O that we could imitate the Rooster on paper—wouldn't we crow, though?

MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE.—No less a sum than $27,123,000 have been raised by the various cities and towns, including the governments of the following States, to defend the honor of the Stars and Stripes:—Connecticut gives 2 160.000; Indiana, 1,052,600; Illinois, 3 553,000; Iowa, 100,000; Maine, 1 355 000; Massachusetts, 625 000 (the state ment from the State government is not here included;) Michigan, 1 100,000; New York, 5,747,000; New Hampshire, 40 000; New Jersey, 2 224 000; Ohio, 3 348,000; Pennsylvania. 3 93 1,000; Rhode Island, 500,000; Vermont, 1,027 000; Wisconsin. 362,000. The above does not not include many individual gifts, and is in no way connected with governmental loans. Surely the world never saw such a voluntary furnishing of the *sinews of war* at any time, or in any country.

THE "IVY GREEN" is closed—we mean Monaghan and Macarty's hotel in Prince street—and turned into a barber's shop. What a barbarous proceeding! At any other time but this, Flory and Johnny could have made a fortune; the war has killed off one fourth of the porter-houses, "and the end is not yet." If our advice is worth anything, we would say, raise an army, and take satisfaction out of the seceded Southern politicians, who are responsible for all the stagnation in business. War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt! If Jack Tagan were alive, a dusty crowd could be picked up in the Fourth Ward, and it can yet if the right man takes hold. Where's Kit Burns and Ballycotta? Faugh a'ballah!

A POPULAR PASS WORD OF THE SECESSIONISTS.—A correspondent of one of the Southern papers, writing from one of their camps, says:—"On the first night after my arrival, in passing from one quarter to another, I was stopped by a sentinel, whom I recognised as private P———— (though he didn't recognise me), I was asked for the countersign, and replied, "A friend with a bottle;" the reply was, "Advance bottle and draw stopper," which I did and was suffered to pass on my way rejoicing.

BEAR HUNTERS.—At Camp Rector, Mound City, there is a hardy set of fellows from Poinsett County, Arkansas, called the "Bear Hunters." No man is admitted unless he can prove that he has killed his bear There are sixty in the company, and more bear killers joining. We couldn't bear to face those bear killers when they made bare their arms for a fight. We should prefer to bear away on another tack. How the Southrons will bear being bearded by these bear killers will perhaps be made bare by some dispatch bearer during the war.

GEORGE BONEFACE, Esq., (Cock of the Walk) talks about getting up a regiment to place at the disposal of the Federal Government. Most kinds of business are good for nothing nowadays, and there's little probability of improvement while the war lasts; therefore, the sooner it is stopped the better, and an overwhelming force should be sent to vindicate the government at once, in order to restore trade to its former position. Go in on your muscle by all means, George, for we all know "you can sweep a crossing, you can."

COL. PINCKNEY, of the Sixth Regiment of New York, on setting out from Annapolis to Washington, made a stirring address to his men:—"If any of you falter," said the Colonel, "you will be instantly shot down; and if I falter, I hope you will put a thousand bullets through my heart at once" Every officer and soldier responded with a most emphatic "aye" to these remarks, which were delivered in a calm, inflexible and determined way.

CLERICAL COUNSEL.—Rev. Mr. Beattie, of Ohio, presented a revolver to one of the soldiers of the 7th Regiment, with the following injunction:—"If you get in a tight place, and have to use this revolver, ask God's blessing, if you have time; if not, do not let the enemy get the advantage, but shoot first, and say Amen afterwards."

THE NEWS-ANCE has changed its editor; Tucker had to get out of the way, and Ben Wood is responsible for everything in it. In future its policy will be devoted to the Delaware and "Poke" lotteries, and "4, 11, 44" is to be the motto. Gigs, saddles, and horses always on sale at the office, as usual.

THE "PET LAMBS."—This soubriquet is now applied to the New York Fire Zouaves, under Col. Ellsworth's command. Those *pet lambs* will skip upon the field of battle with the nimbleness, but not the gentleness, of veritable *pet lambs!*

A TWENTY FOUR MILE RACE OVER UNION COURSE.—On the 14th inst., there was a trotting match for $2000, on the Union Course, L. I., between the br g Batavia Colt, entered by D. Tallman, and br g Ragged Sailor, entered by the owner. The distance trotted was 24 miles, and the time was 1 hour 30 minutes and 55 seconds. The match was won by the Batavia Colt. There was a large number of persons present, and from the start the winner had the call, at $100 to $50. It is said to be the first 24 mile trot on record.

THE RING.

THE FALSTAFF.—ISSY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair. 35-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettie, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gilliam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

QUOITERS ATTENTION!—Lovers of this game will be sure to find some good play and good players, among whom is Mr. George Dunning, champion of the world, at the QUOIT SHADES, No 273 Spring street, where all the accompaniments of a good time may also be found. 4 tf

JAS. KELLY (Australian Kelly) desires us to state that the business he is now engaged in will prevent his taking part in sparring exhibitions in future, except for a charitable purpose, or to assist some personal friend. He will be obliged, therefore, if those about getting up exhibitions will not make use of his name.

CARD.—Having been assaulted and beaten by Owney Geoghegan and others, at McDade's exhibition, on the 13th inst., I hereby offer to fight Geoghegan at 124 lbs., or any other man of that weight he can produce. A fair fight, and no rough and tumble work, will decide who is the better man. DUBLIN MIKE.

PRIZE FIGHT IN ST. LOUIS.—By way of New Orleans we learn that a pretty severe prize fight came off at the Fair grounds, near St. Louis, a few days since. The principals were Thos Morris and Jo. Shemer. They fought 147 rounds in two hours and thirty-five minutes. Morris failed to come to time on the 148th round. Both were badly punished—Morris being severely injured. He was knocked down eight times. There was quite a large crowd of spectators present to witness the battle.

WOULDN'T LET 'EM FIGHT.—Two individuals, not generally known to the boxing fraternity, made an attempt, it appears, to settle their little "difs" with their bunch of fives, somewhere in the Twenty-second Ward, early on the morning of the 19th, but were prevented by the police. The dallies call it a prize fight, as usual, albeit there was no prize fought for.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?"—"To Bee, of course, with a Hive to it," said the droll Jack Bath to a Zouave in our hearing. Jack was punning, and it turned out he had something to do with bee hives himself. A short time since he opened a little snuggery at No. 213 Elizabeth street. "The Beehive," by Jack Bath, all the way from the land of hops and bacon. "Did you ever see bacon so thick?" A Bath in a bee hive! Well, there; Jack is both a poet and and an orator; his tragedy called "Peter," who went for a soldier, having met with great success. He was reciting poetry the other night, and this was his lay:—"There is a divinity that shapes our ends rough;" here he stopped, and the idea of such an unpleasant termination set everybody laughing; then he finished it:—"hew them as we may." If that isn't brilliant, we'd like to know what is. To all who like to spend a pleasant evening, or are fond of a good glass of 'ale and 'ale, the Beehive is the identical spot. Go some night.

BILLY DONNELLY has joined the Empire City boys. Denny Horrigan (Big Breeches) is von grande Zoo-zoo in Company G., Fire Brigade. They were about refusing him on account of his stature, but a voice whispered his name in the inspector's ear, and that was enough. Bravo, little Dreadnaught! Johnny Lazarus is in the hospital at Washington, very sick. Milage Cornell and Jerry Conklin were in the city last week, on a few days' parole, we presume. We met them in the Bowery Tuesday last, but they were not uniformed, strange to say. Bill McMullen and S. S. Rankin are both at the head of volunteer regiments in Philadelphia. Sam has dropped the Colonelship heretofore affixed to his signature by appointment from the Governor, and is now modest Captain Sam Rankin.

HARRY GRIBBIN has been confined to his room for several days with a bad attack of disease of the kidneys. For a week he hasn't eaten a single meal, and has suffered considerably. We called to see him Saturday evening, but he was still unable to leave his bed. In a few days, however, with the aid of his wife, (who is ever at his side, anticipating his every want ere it gains utterance) he expects a return of his former vigorous health. Such is everybody's earnest wish who enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance.

BILL MCDADE'S exhibition on Monday last in White street, considering the watery state of the weather, was very well patronised. It will be fresh in your idea-pots that William was the hero of Greenpoint a few Sundays back in an early morning mill with Tom McGreal—him he sent to sleep in something like thirteen minutes "all in the month of May." On account of the other all-absorbing topic, "grim visaged war," we have neglected our post lately for more important business, and as most every body else has done the same thing, the usual full-length photograph sketches of sparring matches has been laid aside for the nonce: besides, all the noted knights of the fist have gone to serve their country, and it would be a sorry sight for us to trumpet those that haven't gone as paragons of bravery when such glorious chances are offered to distinguish themselves among the Rip-Raps, Enbolts, Tigers, Blood Tubs, and Plug Uglys of Baltimore. Who but such tough skins as our pugs could make the monumental city cut-throats bite the dust on their own dunghill? Nary onct, as the Peruvians have it. File in with the Empire City Regiment under The Benish, Andy Sheehan, Billy Mulligan and Jim Hughes: if you go with that crowd without doing full fire duty we'll eat our boots, nails and all. What if some of the Southern sports have thrown down the gauntlet in our face, are we not right! Isn't our cause a just one and theirs that of lousy traitors and thieves? Didn't little Barney Aaron take all the *brag* out of the New Orleans terror, Sam Evans, and can't we take the same course with Bragg himself? Wasn't big Tom Jennings (an Irishman, and a longshoreman by trade) dead-beat by the gay chevalier, Ned Price, in a canter? Indeed was he, and just as sure as the earth revolves, before we've done with these "What is it's," they'll be glad to sue for peace, peace, when there is no peace. We could go on writing for hours on this theme were the privilege granted, but enough has been said already to show how we stand on the record which in future years will be so revered by our children and grand children. In dropping the subject we would say to you, "join in, join in," ere the precious opportunity be taken from you. We can get along without these harmless glove battles, and should be a deal prouder to have you show that fear is a myth that never was yet found in a boxer's heart. Rouse ye, and away to protect the tomb of our Washington from the Goths, Ghouls, and Vandals that threaten even to desecrate the ashes of the greatest man the world ever produced!

We shall simply give the names of those taking part in the show on Monday night. Here they be: Grady and Holliwood, Dublin Mike and Mooney, Hanley and Finighty, Bill Bust and Hefferman, Burns and Fitzgerald, Kerrigan and Tom Cannon, Donnelly and Clark, Dublin Mike and another, and the wind-up between Poole and McDade. They were all good, but *the* set-to was that by the two Billys, Donnelly and Clark, which was applauded every round. A slight scrimmage occurred with Dublin Mike's last opponent, and this is the way it happened: Mike was rather lush, and got an ugly fall from his friend; he put in a demurrer and filed his objections against the aforesaid fall and everything thereunto appertaining; defendant was non-suited, so plaintiff's ire was on the rize, he couldn't stubble it, but chanted fight with any 124 lb. man for "hard cole," or for fun: this was enough; they said he asked fight and fight he should have, just as much as he wanted; the next thing Mike knew he didn't know nothin', for he was upset and "trotter cases" were plied to his carcase in anything but a friendly manner. Through McDade's humanity it didn't last long enough to do serious injury, although Mike complained of being sore from head to foot, and said he never wanted another situation in a boot and shoe store. One such lesson is quite enough to guard against future ruffianism, and next time a different tale may be told. The final touch between McDade and Poole was an amusing affair, from Mac's rather verdant style and Poole's antics in staving off Daddy's winders. Bill was full of fun and offered to spar all night if he could only keep the boys spirits up. No excuse was offered for McGreal's absence, but we heard there was considerable ill-feeling against him, and if so, Tom did perfectly right in staying away. This getting double banked in a sparring-room is pretty nigh played out, and unless this sort of thing is stopped we shall hereafter be as anxious to come down on the black sheep as we were before in trying to hide a multitude of sins. If you'd have heard "Canaler's" description of the great fight, you would be laughing yet. "I'd a heavy supper of beef and hash, and threw up sloggins of meat as big as yer hat." "Throw up the bloody sponge! if you don't, I'll do it myself, for I'll not fight another bloody round!" "Sure, Bill, you hasn't comminced to fight; ye could have fit for a month!" The author of the above must have frequently kissed the Blarney Stone. Of McGreal we couldn't say an unkind word, for his modesty, civility, and good temper on all occasions has left an impression on our mind that is not to be rubbed out very easy. Pick your flint, and try again, Tom, better luck next time, you know. Old Tovee officiated, as a matter of course, and looked as young and happy as when he owned a quarter of Staten Island. There is some whispering of getting up a surprise night for Bill around the Dry Dock, and the right men having it in hand encourages the hope that Dame Fortune has not altogether forgotten the old hero.

BOXING IN THE ARMY.—At the Park Barracks boxing in the open air has been introduced among the troops as part of their daily drill. Nothing possibly could be better, both for exercise and amusement—consequently the "soger fellers" look forward to it as eagerly as they do for their rations. The chap that introduced it is an old reader of the CLIPPER, and understands his biz. Let every company and regiment follow suit, and our army will go forth doubly armed. Daily bathing is another good wrinkle, and the fountain has been covered for a monster bath-room, where, after a heavy drill, the men recruit their energies. Bully!

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MAY 13.—Barton and Scalley—£25 a side, Manchester.
13.—Young M'Nulty and John Fox—£10 a side, at 8st 8lb, Birmingham.
14.—Bowey Taylor and Blount—£10 a side, 8st, Birmingham.
20.—Hood's Novice and Rusty—£10 a side, 7st, Birm'gham.
23.—Tom King and Harry Poulson; £100 a side, Home circuit.
28.—Newton and Hartley—£20 a side, London.
JUNE —.—Sam Hurst and Jem Mace; £200 a side, and the Championship.
18.—Burgess and Clarke—£100 a side, London.
JULY 23.—Goss and Young Broome—£50 a side, London.
SEPT. 3.—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

SAM HURST AND JEM MACE, £20 A SIDE AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The next deposit of £20 a side was due on the 16th inst. The final stakeholder, has finally settled that the men must fight within the six months from the signing of the articles, it leaving such a wide margin for future matches for the Championship if the original conditions are in any way infringed upon.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN TRAVERS AND CRUTCHLEY,

FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

Tuesday, April 30, was the day fixed for the mill between Bodger Crutchley and Bob Travers, for £50 a side, at 10 st. The station from which the departure had been fixed to take place was the scene of a very lively commotion at an early hour in the morning, the more so as the place where the mill would be first commenced was kept a profound secret, which had not even then been blown. When the office had been given, and a trip by train to Southend was fixed upon, there were loud expressions of discontent; but the company, having made up their minds to see the mill, were not to be disappointed, of having a "try." At Southend a steamer had been chartered to convey the combatants and spectators to find a convenient spot where the authorities were *non est*. Among the assembled crowd were several staunch supporters of the P. R. amongst the upper ten thousand, as well as a large number of the provincial members of the P. R., who had attended Bodger from the hardware village. The mill, as the time for its commencement drew near, was invested with much more interest than has been shown in the Metropolitan district for some time. In fact, since the late fight between Jem Mace and Bob Brettle. At the weighing, which took place at Bos Tyler's, both men were well within their weight, Bodger Crutchley being 9st. 10lb., and Bob Travers 9s. 12lb. There were plenty of offers to back Crutchley, but no response on the part of the Darkie's party.

On Monday night, April 29th, the sporting houses were crowded, and speculation at each was very rife at 5 to 4 and evens. At Alec Keene's, where a match was made between Rooke and Job Cobley, for £50 a side, 10st., the betting began at 5 to 4 on Crutchley, and finished at even betting. On arriving at Southend the usual riot was rife, those who could or would pay the full tariff parted like lambs, while those who had greater patience or less tin fared better than their contemporaries. The system of delaying the men for the sake of pecuniary gain, cannot be too much reprehended, it giving so many opportunities to the authorities to telegraph, &c. Both men at length having been safely housed on board, a tardy start was effected, and the steamer wended its way to the scene of action, towing a flotilla of small craft astern. During the transit the betting was 5 to 4 on the Brum. After about an hour's run by boat the anchor was dropped at 12:35, a well known spot being the rendezvous. Bob, the Darkie, had a very neat wipe, with a white ground and a small mauve check and white striped border. Bodger Crutchley's was a black ground with a Magenta crossed stripe and border. The men have been before the public for some years, and the following are the chief of their performances:—

The first appearance of Bob Travers in the ring was in 1855, when he was brought into notice by meeting George Baker, of Chatham, for £25 a side, October 29, Travers weighing 9st. 9lb. They met at Tilbury, but, after fighting ten rounds in 23 min., the police interfered. They afterwards met on November 3, at Long Reach, when Bob proved the victor in 20 min., during which time ten rounds were contested.

Travers having broken the ice, did not wish to be idle, so he made a match with Jesse Hatton, for £25 a side, whom he met and defeated at Combe Bottom, on February 5, 1856, after fighting thirty-nine rounds in 76 min. He next flew at higher game, in the person of Geo. Crockett, for £50 a side. The mill came off near Egham, May 13th, in Bob's favor, after fighting 1 hour and 54 min. In his next encounter, which was with Job Cobley (the Elastic Pot boy,) he met with his first reverse, for £50 a side, at the Half-way House, Aug. 19th, after fighting 100 *rounds in three hours and 57 minutes*. Notwithstanding Bob's defeat by the *Elastic*, he found backers to accept the challenge of Ceghorne, a north countryman, who had a first-rate reputation as a bruiser; and, after some newspaper warfare, a match was concluded for £100 a side. The mill took place on the banks of the Medway, Jan. 20, 1851, when Bob Travers was declared the conqueror, after fighting 36 rounds in 1 hour and 27 minutes. His next tournament was with the once renowned Bill Hayes, for £100 a side, May 13, 1857, on the banks of the Medway, and Bob proved the winner, after fighting 78 rounds in 3 hours 45 minutes. His next performance was with Bob Brettle, of Birmingham, £100 a side, on Jan. 26, 1858, at Appledore, when, after fighting forty-two rounds in one hour and five minutes, the authorities interfered. The following day, the 27th, was named by the referee, and Shell Haven was the scene of action, when Travers, after fighting one hundred rounds in 2 h. and 5 min., lost the battle by falling without a blow. His next match was with the talented Johnny Walker, for £100 a side, which produced no contest, as Travers received £90 forfeit from Walker, May 25, 1858. Walker not putting in an appearance. Travers then had a spell of rest, as the next we hear of him in the ring was his contest with the sturdy Mike Madden, whom he met and defeated for £100 a side, near Ashford, April 5, 1859, in forty-five rounds, which lasted 1h. and 37 mins. Bob Travers now rested on his laurels for nearly a twelvemonth, when he made a match with Jem Mace, of Norwich, to fight for £100 a side, on the 21st of Feb., 1860. After fighting 21 min., during which six rounds were contested, the police interfered. The referee appointed the next day, Feb. 22d, for the mill to be renewed, and the ring being pitched in a well-known spot down the river, Mace was declared the winner, Travers having fallen without a blow, after fighting fifty-one rounds in 1 h. and 31 min.

HARRY CRUTCHLEY (Bodger) made his first appearance in the P. R. with H. Cooksey, of Birmingham, at Elmsden, June 11, 1855, on which occasion Bodger suffered defeat, after fighting fifty-four rounds, in 1 hour 28 min. His next appearance was with George Lane, for £25 a side, at Henley-in-Arden, Feb. 24, 1857, when Bodger proved victorious after a hard battle of 54 rounds, which lasted 1 hour 14 min. The next mill was in the London district with Sam Millard, for £50 a side, at Shell Haven, and whom he defeated, Jan. 27, 1858, in seven rounds, which lasted 20 min. The same year he beat Bos Tyler, down the river, for £50 a side, August 10, after fighting ninety-seven rounds, in 1 hour 37 min.; Tyler lost by falling without a blow. At the end of the year he beat Smith, of Manchester, Dec. 16, £40 a side. After fighting 1 hour 10 min. at the point of Ayr, the police interfered. The referee named another place of meeting the same day, and Smith not appearing Crutchley won. In 1859 he again met Bos Tyler, for £100 a side, July 26, at the Kentish Marshes, when after fighting seventy one rounds in 2 hours 40 min., Tyler was declared the winner, Crutchley having fallen without a blow. Drew with Posh Price, £5 a side, Nov. 14, 1859; police interfered. Beaten by Joe Goss, of Northampton, £100 a side, July 17, 1860, in Oxfordshire, after fighting 120 rounds in 3 hours and 20 minutes.

Another great delay took place before the men and their seconds got ashore, which was not reached until 1 15. On arrival, the ring was pitched, and the inner ring staked and roped *secundam artem*. Meanwhile the toilets of the men were in progress, and the latter with their seconds approached the ring side. Betting level Travers was the first to throw in his cap, at 1.20, P. M., attended by Job Cobley, and a sporting bung, quickly followed by Crutchley, who had for his seconds the sporting pub. of the East and Joe Wareham. J. Wareham and Travers tossed for choice, which was won by the Darkie. The betting, while the men completed their final arrangements, was inquiries for odds, the least shade of which on either side being greedily accepted.

Having completed all the arrangements thus far, there was no time lost in the choice of the referee, who was the representative of a contemporary. The usual ceremonies of shaking hands and tying colors to stakes, having been completed, the men stood up, at 1 39, for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men stood up, their condition was scanned most critically. The way in which the muscles of the Darkie stood out in prominent relief called forth universal applause from his backers and friends, as well as eliciting favorable remarks from his opponent's supporters. Crutchley also looked well, but his shoulders and loins were by no means so devoid of fat as those of Travers. When they had placed themselves in position no fault could be found with either, both having the easy, elastic motion of well practised artists; and it was evident, from the tactics of both, that each had orders to wait. After some cautious sparring Bodger was the first to break ground, by delivering his left on Travers' chest. Travers then got away. On getting within distance they sparred for some time, when the black feinted, and Crutchley jumped away. On again getting within distance Travers led off once more; Crutchley away cleverly. More sparring, both very cautious. Travers was the first to commence operations by sending out his left duke, but was short. More sparring; Crutchley this time feinted, but Travers got out of distance. On getting within shot Travers delivered his left on the chest, and broke away without a return. They again sparred, when Travers got on another on the left breast, leaving a red mark, after which he again got on the mark twice, and got away without any return. After some very cautious sparring, Bodger led off at the body, but was woefully short. Travers, who was apparently the most eager, worked the Brum into his (Travers') corner, but Bodger, not to be caught, slipped him, and took his original position. They then sparred for some time, when Travers began the work by getting on the mark three times in succession, after which Crutchley walked away and rubbed his chest and arms. On getting to close quarters, after some little sparring, Bodger sent a vicious right-hander, which just missed, as Travers very nimbly jumped away. They came very cautiously together, but on getting within shot good counters took place with the left, the Brum grazing the Darkie's forehead, and Travers again visiting the Darbey; this forced some very good exchanges, in which both were very busy, and Bodger catching hold of his opponent, pulled him down, and Travers rolled over him. This round lasted 8 minutes. The betting, 6 to 4 on Travers, offered freely.

2. Travers as he came up showed no marks, but Crutchley had a ruby mark or two on the victualling department and left breast, from the straight deliveries of the "Darkie." They sparred for an opening, and creeping close they countered, Travers on the body, Bodger on the side of the forehead. Bodger then led off with the left very short. They were both playing a cautious game, each sparring to find out his opponent's tactics; Travers first led off with his left, Bodger jumping away; again following suit, more cautious sparring. Travers, who seemed determined to cut out the work, led off with the left on the old mark; after which Crutchley walked round, when they resumed operations. Travers again led off; Crutchley, in jumping away, caught his spike in a tuft of grass and nearly fell, but, recovering, they again began proceedings; Bodger led off with the left, but was short. Both, after this, feinted, each jumping out of distance. Travers then led off with the left at the head, but was well stopped; in his next attempt he succeeded in getting the left fork on the old spot. This forced good counters with the left, in which Travers again got on the chest, and Bodger a hot 'un on the sneezer, which produced a plentiful flow of the ruby from the "Darkie's" snout. First blood for Crutchley claimed and allowed. They separated from the force of their blows. On again renewing the round, Bodger got the left on the snorter, receiving another left-hander on the chest. Crutchley again walked round, and on renewing the sparring, was very shifty. When they got within distance, Travers got on the mark, Crutchley returning on the head with the left. This forced some good counters with the left on both sides, Travers visiting the old place on the chest, receiving on the jaw, which would have been effective if a little more straight. This forced some good exchanges on head and body, when Crutchley slipped, and fell outside of the ring. On getting up, he attempted to renew the round, but the seconds interfering, both men were carried to their corners. Time, 17 min.

3. Both came up to time eagerly, Travers' beak distilling ruby drops, and Crutchley showing the marks of Travers' frequent visitations on the chest, ribs, and mouth. Both sparred very cautiously, Bodger more especially; but on getting together, he led off with the left, which was short, and trying the double on the body, Travers got away laughing. More sparring, after which Bodger again did a bit more walking, Travers looking at him until he renewed the round, and feinted twice, Travers each time getting away. More sparring, when Travers led off with the left at the head, which was well stopped by Crutchley. After some more sparring, the Brum put down his hands and walked away. After sparring again for some time, Travers made a feint, and Crutchley did another trot. This game was played some time, Travers feinting and Bodger walking away. On resuming fighting, Travers got the left twice on the bread-basket, and was again short with the left, as Bodger jumped out of distance, and again walked about. On getting close a good counter took place—the "Darkie" getting the left on the chest, and Bodger on the jaw, a "light 'un." Counters in the same style again took place on the head and chest, and again on the shoulder by each man. Both were pricked, and let fly the left, which were prettily stopped. After more sparring, Crutchley walked away. Both when they met sparred cautiously, and Crutchley walked to his corner, had a drop of water, and then renewed the round, and some good counters took place, Travers with left on the mark, Bodger on the side of the head. More sparring, and counters as before on the head and body. Some well intended deliveries were well stopped on both sides, and the Brum again had another walk. They sparred again, when Bodger sent out his left, a chop miserably out of distance. After standing looking at one another they renewed the sparring, each looking out for an opening; at length both made up their minds, and countered with the left, the Black getting on the victualling department, and Bodger on the forehead. The effect of the body blows on Crutchley made him vicious, and several good counters in the previous style took place, the last of which was in Travers' favor, as he landed a "warm 'un" on the mark, while Bodger's return went over the Black's shoulder. Travers afterwards got on the mark, and jumped away from the return, and trying again he was short. Crutchley again took a walk, evidently waiting for Travers to force the fighting, but Bob was too old a bird to sing to any other tune than his orders. Getting within distance, counters took place in favor of Travers, who got on a little one on the kisser, and a steadier on the chest, without a return of any consequence, Bodger landing a "light 'un" on the Darkie's ivories. Crutchley again retreated and walked about, the Darkie still standing in the middle of the ring. At this time there was a cry of "Police!" which, after some time, was found to be correct; a superintendent arriving first, followed by his subordinates. No other alternative was left but to withdraw the men from the ring, and again re-embark, after fighting sixty-one minutes, This round lasted forty-four minutes.

The re-embarkation took up a great portion of time; but when the adventurers arrived safely on board, another long trip was soon arranged. When a convenient spot had been fixed, the passengers re-landed, and the ring almost completed, another disappointment took place from the interference of another posse of Bobbies, who had been telegraphed for by the Essex authorities, and there was no other alternative but to steam towards the "village." During the later portion of the trip, the men and the referee had a meeting, when Wednesday, if possible, was fixed for the settlement of the affair. Most of the bets having been laid pending the day's performance were withdrawn. The others were left standing during the current week. Neither man was punished to mention, and were as strong as at the commencement.

THE SECOND ATTEMPT TO BRING OFF THE FIGHT FRUSTRATED.

Early on Wednesday morning the men met at the railway station appointed by the referee at the stated time; but there was a very limited number of followers on this occasion. In fact, some of the seconds did not go down until the second train, which also was but scantily patronized, very few being game enough to venture, it having oozed out that the backers of Crutchley had offered Travers £25 to draw the battle money, save the money down in bets. This not jumping with the humor of Travers or his backers, was refused in most decided terms. When at the journey's end, the place was found to be too hot to attempt to pitch the ring, and it was useless attempting to bring the affair off down the river, as the wires had been at work throughout both the Kentish as well as the Essex shores. *A shrewd guess* was given by many as to whom they were indebted for their disappointment. The referee then called the men together to know what their intentions were, when the backers of Crutchley again offered to compromise the matter, and Travers refused to do anything else but fight for the money and the bets. After some noisy discussion, during which the backers of Crutchley refrustrated all idea of fighting again, the referee appointed the men to meet at six o'clock on Thursday morning, at the railway station, to endeavor to bring the affair to a successful conclusion, the men not there to forfeit.

THE THIRD ATTEMPT

The congregation that met on Thursday did not number more than thirty, including the men's seconds, ring keepers, &c. Tickets were taken for the scene of action, where the international contest took place, the telegraph wires were again put to work to that spot, which, being suspected by the referee, he judiciously gave orders to get out at Weybridge, thereby frustrating the attempts to stop the affair at that point. The referee then got the men together, and informed them it was his intention to have the ring pitched on the same spot that Young Shaw and Charley Lynch fought, and that the man absent would have to forfeit the money. When the ring had been pitched some time was lost before Crutchley showed himself, when he did, Travers threw in his cap; Crutchley then refused to fight in consequence of one of his seconds (Bos Tyler) being absent. Several others were named to take his place *pro tem.* but refused. The referee then decided upon giving ten minutes' grace for Tyler's appearance. After waiting fifteen minutes—five more than the prescribed time—the referee declared Bob Travers to be the winner, and that all bets go with the battle money. A decision that all who are unbiassed must know to be correct in every form. It is high time that some stringent remedy should be applied to stop the iniquitous plan so frequently adopted when a man has had the worst of a fight to stop the loss of money invested; and where, as in this instance, positive proof can be brought forward that the authorities were put on the alert on the Wednesday and actually fetched on Thursday. There is but one alternative—to give the man willing to fight the money.

REMARKS.

No one can deny that Travers had much the best on Tuesday, and had the battle been renewed, would no doubt have proved easily victorious on Wednesday; when Crutchley looked as if he had been in severe suffering, which was corroborated afterwards on inquiry, it having been found that the body blows administered by Travers had injured him severely. On Thursday he looked, if anything, worse; and it would have been bad judgment for him to have fought, although more manly than to have tried to force a draw in the way attempted. Soon after the referee had left the ring, Tyler appeared, and declared his willingness to commence fighting, but too late, as the decision had been given, as well as the unwelcome arrival of the authorities. We cannot so much blame Crutchley as his backers, and to say the least, poor Crutchley was in an unenviable position, placed between his backers and the public opinion. We sincerely hope that the present move in the right direction will deter the same line of conduct being resorted to in future. If the money is given to the man prepared to fight, there can be no doubt the remedy would soon work a cure.

FIGHT BETWEEN T. HOOKER AND J. REEVES,

FOR THIRTY POUNDS.

The combatants in this mill were two lads who both had before entered the roped arena to contend for small sums. John Reeves, who will be twenty-eight years of age in July next, stands 5 ft. 5½ in. in height, and weighs 9st. 5lb. He has fought in the ring twice; once with Sparrow, when he fought in the name of Reed, whom he defeated, for £5 a side, at Long Reach, Feb. 22, 1853, in one hour 35 min., and 56 rounds; and again, when he got beaten, by J. Brookes, of Norwich, for £10 a side, June 26, 1855, at Mildenhall, in 55 min., 38 rounds.

Reeves was trained at Leighton, by George Sims; and certainly, although a little fleshy, he was otherwise very well. The reason of although a little fleshy, he was otherwise very well. The reason of his looking flabby arose from the fact of his having had a bad rheumatic attack in the head, which had swelled his face and incapacitated him from work. He was backed from Harry Orme's.

Thomas Hooker, who is twenty four years of age, and was backed from Harry Brunton's, stands 5 feet 6¾ inches in height, and weighs 9st. He first fought Peter Marlow, in 1858, for £10, and after a severe fight for 2 hours and 13 min., during which 113 rounds were fought, Hooker was declared the winner. His next affair was with J. Blackman, for £10 a side, whom he defeated, at Purfleet, after fighting 37 rounds, which lasted 1 hour 16 min., January 4th, 1859. This brings us to the present match, which took place on April 29th, and had been made about two months. As soon as the lads could conveniently get away they went into strict work, Reeves at Leighton, under the careful tuition of George Sims, and Hooker at Chesbunt, with his brother for trainer. The place selected for the mill was down the river, and after a tidy trip by rail, a long way past the usual spot, a return was made, the ring soon pitched, and a referee appointed, as well as the usual preliminaries arranged. Reeves was the first to throw his cap into the ring, accompanied at this time only by his trainer, George Sims, who eventually picked out a friend of Reeves' to assist, and who rejoiced in the well known name of "Johnny," and he was all a "Johnny." Reeves' colors were a handkerchief with a blue ground, and red, with white stripes for a check. Hooker, who soon followed Reeves by throwing in his castor, was attended by Jack Hicks, and Denny Sullivan. He had for his colors a crimson handkerchief, with a white ring, and a chocolate border. On tossing for corners, Hicks won for Hooker. These small performances having been gone through, the toilets of the antagonists were completed, and they stood up at 9.55 for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men came up the betting was 2 to 1 offered on Hooker, but no takers. Hooker, who looked in wonderfully fine condition, smiled as if the battle was already over, while Reeves, a though not less confident, looked very serious. On getting near they both sparred cautiously for an opening, but Reeves getting within shot let fly his left, when Hooker got away laughing; not to be denied he dashed out another which followed suit, and Hooker being out of distance in the return, he ducked. Reeves then closed and delivered a couple of upper-cuts, one on the kisser and the other on the forehead; Hooker finding himself in difficulties slipped down.

2. Both were up to time and cautious. Reeves, who evidently meant forcing the fighting, led off; Hooker jumped away laughing. This riled Reeves, who got near, for which he received one on the snout, which made him get to close quarters; some merry exchanges, Hooker getting on the canister, and Reeves several "hot 'uns" on the "Darby Kelly;" after fighting to the ropes both were down.

3. Sharp time having been called both came up, but although no serious damage had been done they were very cautious. Hooker, who was anxious for an opening, crept close, and feinted; Reeves, who was not to be had, got away. On getting near again, Hooker got two little ones in—the one on the jaw with the left, the other with the right, on the forehead, but with no powder behind; Reeves then went back, but delivered a good right-hander, which landed on Hooker's shoulder. These blows led to a close, in which some good exchanges were given, Reeves getting invariably on the bread basket, and Hooker on Reeves' iron canister. They fought to the ropes, and, after a scramble, Reeves was under in the fall.

4. Hooker, who was up first, led off, but was out of all distance. Reeves, anxious to commence hostilities, followed suit, and, creeping to his man, Hooker led off with his left, which grazed Reeves' nasal organ. He then delivered his right with a good intent, but Hooker's left arm was just in the road. Hooker returned with a left hander on the left squinter, and Reeves slipped down. Offers to lay 20 to 10 on Hooker.

5. On time being called Hooker was up like a shot, having received orders from his seconds to force the fighting, which he did by getting on twice, left and right, on the forehead and snorer, and fought Reeves down. Reeves in this round missed two tremendous right handers, which, if they had landed, must have told a tale.

6. Hooker again first up without a mark, Reeves looking no less eager, had his beak grazed, and his left ogle slightly swelled; but, no doubt, from the old rheumatic affection more than the force of Hooker's visits, as there was no discoloration. Hooker, who soon began the fighting, led off with his left, which landed on the warbler, the right on the smeller, and again the left on the jaw, when Reeves, seeing an opening, sent out a right handed swinger, which reached Hooker's jaw, and knocked him down, Reeves falling from the force of his own blow.

7. On time being called it was evident that the battle was all over, as Reeves walked to Hooker's corner, and, on his standing before him, he again knocked him down with a right hander on the cheek, which all but settled the affair.

8 and last. The mill was most certainly at an end; but on Reeves getting to the scratch, the seconds of Hooker tried all they could to enable him to face his opponent, but without avail, as the moment they left him he collapsed. Reeves, with the greatest good temper avoided getting near him, and the limited time having elapsed, the referee properly decided that Reeves had won the battle, after fighting 12 minutes.

REMARKS.

The duration of the mill was too short to offer any scope for remarks; but the battle, in our opinion, was thrown away by the tactics displayed by the backers of Hooker, who was in much the better condition, as well as being the longer in the reach; for to send a man in to force the fighting at such an early stage of the mill, exhibited bad judgment, as, whatever may have been the superiority of their man, his opponent must have been nearly as strong as when the battle was commenced, and the unexpected result proves the fact. From remarks made, it is thought that there will be another match for a larger sum, when, if it should take place, no doubt a good mill will be the result, and well worthy of witnessing, the odds being length and muscle against sturdiness and strength. The loser, on his coming to himself, shed tears of mortification at his defeat.

AQUATICS.

SCULLING MATCH BETWEEN T. WILSON AND T. MATFEN FOR £50.—Seldom has an event created such a great amount of excitement, or so much money been risked, as upon the race between these two watermen. Teasdale Wilson is a keelman, and is about twenty two years of age, and has figured prominently in many contests for aquatic superiority. He has twice contested with his present opponent. The first match he won, and on changing boats he was defeated in the second contest; and it will be quite fresh in the memories of our readers, the match between Carr, of St. Anthony's, and himself, when, in consequence of their not being able to decide the match in ballast keel-boats—they having rowed twice, and both races ending in a foul—they agreed to terminate the match in outriggers, when, after a gallant contest, Wilson was delared the winner by a couple of lengths. His last performance was the winning of the Handicap Sculler's Boat Race at St. Lawrence, defeating J. Shaftoe, W. Rotier, J. M'Nally, W. M'Nicholl, and J. Storey. His present opponent, also a waterman, is about twenty-seven years of age, and has also performed creditably on several occasions. He was one of the crew from Newcastle that rowed second at the late Thames Regatta, and he has also contested at the late Newcastle and Gateshead Regatta, in the Scullers' Race, being fourth in the final heat won by George Wakefield; and he defeated Edward Chapman in a match for £50, on the Tyne, in November last, by 100 yards. A good deal of chaff on both sides ended in the present match being made, to row in outriggers, for £25 a side, on the Tyne, from Bridge to Bridge; and the day appointed for the decision of the contest was the 29th of April. Everything that could be done to render the men fit, and improve their chance, was done by their backers and trainers. A beautiful new boat was built by Mr. Taylor, of the Ouseburn, for Matfen; and Wilson rowed in Chambers' boat, "The Champion of England." The time fixed upon for the race was the afternoon's tide, viz., half-past six; but long before that hour, the Close, near to the Javil Group, was nearly impassable. The factories having all ceased working, thousands of Vulcan's hardy sons assembled to witness the contest, and the men from the Ordnance Works at Eswick helped to swell the throng considerably, for there is no body of men in the North of England who delight in the manly art of rowing more than the workmen of Sir William Armstrong, and their offers to bet 5 to 4 on Matfen were greedily accepted; but on the New Quay, where Locke, Blacket & Co.'s men were assembled in large numbers, the odds of 5 and 6 to 4 were freely laid on Wilson—in the various boats, the odds, however, were on Matfen. Mr T. J. Pickett, Captain of the Tyne Amateur Rowing Club, the Referee, having taken his position in the bow of the Dart steamer, which was chartered to accompany the match, accompanied by Mr. M. Taylor, the umpire for Matfen, and Mr. J. Adams, Umpire for Wilson, the men prepared for the start, hats full of money still being invested at 5 and 6 to 4 in the various boats chartered to witness the contest, there being eight in all. After a little dodging, and amidst almost breathless silence, the men effected a capital start, Matfen having the Newcastle, and Wilson the Durham side of the river. Matfen, who got hold of his boat in the first stroke, at once took the lead, closely followed by Wilson, who could not manage his boat in the swell, or lipper, which prevailed, owing to a strong north wester that sprang up shortly before the start. Matfen was clear at the Skinner's Burn. Here Teasdale, who for the first time appeared to get settled down to his work, lessened the gap to half a length. He was, however, soon again in difficulties, for at the Grindstone Quay he caught several "crabs," which caused him to cease rowing altogether. Matfen, in the meantime, rowing most gamely, was doing all he knew; he was now rapidly nearing a dredger that lay moored off the Wrestling Ground, when the thousands assembled on the New Quay began shouting to him to keep his boat clear. Whether he did not hear them, or did not understand the meaning of all the tumult, we cannot say, but on he went, and a collision seemed inevitable; and, in a few more strokes, he was close alongside, with his left hand sculi completely fastened underneath the bottom of the craft. Wilson, in the meantime, cheered by his friends, succeeded in filling up the gap, and obtaining a commanding lead. To return to Matfen, he had now got clear of the dredger, and, in the struggle, the cord fastening the skull in the rowlock, had broken, and coming in contact with the vessel's mooring chain he was immediately capsized. A boat, however, was close by, and he was immediately placed on board the Express steamer, where he was taken care of by his friends. Wilson had, by this time, reached the top of the New Quay, and he rowed the course over at his leisure, doing the distance in thirty-three minutes. When within the Meadows, he put on some fine spurts, and a good many very excellent judges assert, that had the weather been fine and the river smooth, that he would have won for a dead certainty. As it was, however, he had no command over his boat; she appeared a good deal too light and corky for the day. On his coming on board the Referee's boat, he with one of his backers, commenced a subscription for his unfortunate opponent, and succeeded in collecting a nice little sum, which would in some measure atone for the disappointment that occurred. Mr. J. Bagnall was stakeholder, and the stakes being handed over at the Scotch Arms in the evening, offers were made to back Matfen again, and stake £60 to £40, which challenge was not accepted. On the following night, however, they were matched to row in Clasper's two new boats, Matfen staking £50 to £40.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SIX MILES CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.—This race between James Rowan, of Gateshead, and James Pudney, of Mile end, for £5 a side and the Six Miles Champion's belt, came off at Hackney-wick, on April 29th. J. White, after holding this splendid trophy for some months undisputed, had the belt wrested from him by Pudney, on Monday, the 25th of February last, after an exciting struggle. No sooner, however, had Jem attained this proud distinction by his victory over White, than Rowan threw down the gauntlet and challenged Pudney. The match created much interest, and about 1200 spectators assembled within the precincts of Mr. Baum's ground to witness the result. The present race had been fixed to come off at six o'clock on the above date, and soon after the appointed time the competitors came on the course, which was in fine order and admirably kept. The betting was spirited, the provincial being finally made the favorite at 2 to 1. The pedestrians had to make the circuit of the course 41 times. On the signal being given they bounded off, the lead being taken by Pudney, who had his opponent lying some two or three yards in the rear. The pedestrians did not get thoroughly into action, until coming down the straight run in the first lap, but after this the pace improved rapidly, until the running of Rowan became wonderful. Like White and Mills, Rowan is remarkable for the elegance of his action, and never did he display his fine speed in a more unmistakable manner than on this occasion. When coming round the bend of the course in the third lap, Rowan wrested the lead from Pudney, and so improved his position, that when two miles of the distance had been covered he was leading by at least fifty yards; indeed, so severe was the pace that the Londoner appeared totally incapable of maintaining it, Pudney, while doing the fourth mile, being run to so complete a standstill that he pulled up ere the completion of the twenty-fifth lap. Rowan ran on until the commencement of the fifth mile, when he was allowed to stop, the backer of Jem being quite satisfied. The three miles were run in 14 min. 35 sec.

RACE BETWEEN G. BEDDOW (OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS) AND MANTLE FOR £20 A SIDE, AT ALDERSHOTT, ON APRIL 27TH.—George Beddow is well-known in pedestrian performances. His latest match was to run 200 yards for the above stake, Mantle being allowed three yards, and the affair came off at the North Camp, Aldershott, the race producing much interest among the military. The odds were 2 to 1 on Beddow, and on the competitors taking up their allotted positions both looked in first-rate fettle. On starting the men went away at a good pace, but Beddow gained so rapidly on his man that ere eighty yards of the distance had been covered he had obtained the lead, and had the race in hand. Despite the efforts of his opponent, Beddow maintained the front position to the finish, and went in an easy winner by more than two yards.

RACE BETWEEN HENRY ANDREWS, OF HOLBORN AND TODDY RAY, OF LIMEHOUSE, AT HOLLOWAY.—On April 29th, there was a good muster at the New Copenhagen Ground, Holloway, to witness the five miles' race between these well-known pedestrians. After a severe struggle on the part of Ray, he went in a winner by at least fifty yards.

BILLIARDS.

A RUBBARD MATCH at long odds was played between Roberts and an amateur, for £100, the former giving 700 points out of 1000, at the Saville House, on the 26th ult. The room was filled by a large number of the lovers of the scientific game of billiards, amongst whom were several of the upper ten thousand, as well as most of the influential book makers of the metropolis, which class mustered in great force. The attraction was found in the fact of the renowned Roberts, the champion, having made a match for £100, to give an amateur, well known in sporting circles, 700 points out of 1,000; and from the well known ability of the amateur, Roberts was supposed to be forced to pull out his game to prove victorious, and the result was a proof that the supposition was perfectly correct. The time to commence play was fixed for 8 P. M., but long before that hour nearly every seat in the large hall was occupied. As the time drew near there were several attempts at speculation, without, however, any response, nobody being bold enough to bet against Roberts. The play commenced a few minutes past eight by the amateur giving a miss into baulk. Roberts scored a carom, and did not leave off until he had scored 29, including 4 spot strokes. After which, Roberts, when the amateur had run a *loup*, knocked both the red and his own ball off the table, after cautioning the gentlemen at that end of the table. The game from the commencement, it was apparent to all uninterested lookers-on, would eventually be won by Roberts, as he made the following long scores at different breaks, viz:—96 off, including 12 spot red hazards; 58, including 4 spot hazards; and 195, including 53 spot hazards. After which he made 28, 30, 28, 24, 18, and then a fine break of 200, during which he made 65 red hazards, 64 of which were from the spot! Nearly at the conclusion of the game he made another break of 70, including 19 spot hazards, and finally won the game, 1,000, to the amateur's 907. The time in which the game was played (2 hours 11 minutes) will prove the character of the play shown by the winner. The amateur played much better than was expected, making several good winning hazards, and carons with great precision; but from the reputation of the great Roberts it was evident that the amateur was out of his latitude, for from the time that Roberts had fairly settled down, and played carefully for his favorite spot stroke, "All against Dowas it fleet was scored."

At the conclusion of the game Roberts was loudly cheered, and most of the company left for home highly delighted with the treat afforded them. Some of the talent, however, stayed until the "sma' hours," showing how pools were to be taken; in fact, the play was first rate from commencement to finish, and only wanted to be witnessed to be appreciated.

A BILLIARD MATCH took place on Thursday evening, May 24, in the handsome billiard room attached to the New Philharmonic Music Hall, Islington, for a purse of sovereigns and a silver cup, between Mr. G. Hughes and Mr. W. Dufton, the former giving the latter one hundred points out of a thousand. After a close and exciting game, the scores terminated in favor of Mr. Hughes.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.—The following table of white males in the United States between the ages of 18 and 45 years, which has been compiled from the authentic records of the Census Bureau at Washington, exhibits at a glance the military strength of the sections and of the States, so far as mere numbers are concerned. Great as is the disparity between the numerical forces of the North and the South, the superiority of the North in money and in mechanical, manufacturing, and maritime resources is still greater:—

FREE STATES.			
California	76,000	New Jersey	134,000
Connecticut	92,000	New York	778 000
Illinois	342,000	Ohio	468,000
Indiana	270,000	Oregon	10,600
Iowa	135 000	Pennsylvania	581 000
Kansas	21,000	Rhode Island	35 000
Maine	125,000	Vermont	63 000
Massachusetts	246 000	Wisconsin	155,000
Michigan	150,000		
Minnesota	32 000	Total	3,778,000
New Hampshire	65 000		
UNSECEDING SLAVE STATES.			
Delaware	22 000	Missouri	211,000
Kentucky	186 000		
Maryland	120,000	Total	539,000
SECEDING STATES.			
Alabama	106 000	North Carolina	132 000
Arkansas	65 000	South Carolina	60 000
Florida	16 000	Tennessee	167 000
Georgia	119 000	Texas	84,000
Louisiana	75 000	Virginia	221 000
Mississippi	71,000		
Total			1,186,600
TERRITORIES.			
Colorado	6,000	Utah	8 000
Dakotah	1,000	Washington	2,000
Nebraska	6,000	District of Columbia	13,000
Nevada	1 000		
New Mexico	13,000	Total	51,000
RECAPITULATION.			
Free States	3,778,000	Territories	51,000
Border Slave States	539 000		
Seceding States	1,186 000	Total	5 484,000.

It will be seen from this table that the Free States have considerably more than twice as many men of military age as all the Slave States combined, and more than three times as many as all the Seceding States combined. What is of still more importance is the fact that all the men of the North, with insignificant individual exceptions, are for the Union, while almost every Slave State contains a large population of men opposed to Secession.

BROADWAY QUADRILLES.—Almost daily, and more particularly after a drizzling rain storm, may be be seen on Broadway numerous individuals indulging in the antics of Terpsichore, to the melodious strains of a brass band, furnished the city gratis by the Prince of Showmen—Barnum. We append a description of the various figures:—First Figure.—The two leading couples try to cross and back—stand on pavement and wait—ladies chain, half promenade—stages right and left. Second.—Leading gentleman advance and retire twice; all set at corners and wait for turn. Third.—The leading lady and opposite gentleman advance and retire twice; top and bottom couple try again, and retire to place *wathy*. The figure repeated by the sides. Fourth.—Four stages and four wagons advance and stop; carmen do the same; couples turn and come in collision. Billingsgate right and left; policemen promenade and turn the corner; general muss, and back to places. Fifth.—The leading couple waltz round and inside the gutter; four ladies advance and scream; four gentlemen do the same and swear; grand chain; all promenade to places, and turn savage; grand *chase* to the other side, without returning to places; pleasant smile, "over the left," and promenade for *finale* with dirty boots.

QUOTING CHALLENGE.—Jack Sanders, of Louisville, having seen in an advertisement in the CLIPPER, of a recent date, that Geo. Dunning who was styled the Champion of the World, sends us the following challenge for that gentleman's consideration:—ED. CLIPPER—I will match a man in Louisville to pitch Geo. Dunning a game at quoits for any amount of money from $100 to $1000; to play halfway between Louisville and New York. If he will play for $500, the match can be played in New York; or, I will defray his expenses to play in Louisville. If this challenge is entertained, I will send $25 or $50 to be placed in your hands as a preliminary deposit.

JACK SANDERS.

We hope Mr. Dunning will give his attention to this matter, without any further dunning, and thus endeavor to substantiate his claim to the title of "Champion of the World."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $12.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance.

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FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

HAS NOT SECEDED.—By late advices from Porkopolis, we learn that John C. Heenan was in that city *en route* for New York. On the 11th inst., he exercised "old Broadway" in a bout with the cue, against a no less renowned master of the Billiard art than Phil Tieman, who bosses the billiard balls at the International Hotel. John beat Phil, which to say the least, was a *curious* and unexpected result, for we cannot see how Heenan or "any other man" could beat a tie man. Can you John? Phil up, and let's take a nip all round.

ON THE LIE.—In his late declaration of war against the United States, Jeff. Davis says that, "The purpose of the President of the United States is, to capture the ports and strongholds belonging to the Confederate States of America." Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, or any other highwayman might, with equal propriety, have said that the horse stolen was lawful property, and should not be recaptured. Certainly not. A robber, having once got hold of booty, it becomes his to all intents and purposes. So says Jeff.

A FLAG has just been completed in this city, to be presented to the Seventh Regiment. We presume that the report in circulation to the effect that the regiment would return home at the expiration of thirty days, cannot be true, or we should hear of no flag presentation. Thirty days scarcely give time for a soldier to get broke to harness.

A COAT OF MAIL.—In one of our exchanges, we find the following:—

"A young Rochester lady, last week donned male attire and followed her lovver to Elmira, at which place he is now serving as a volunteer. She pants for love."

Nonsense, she did'nt pant for love, she had a love for pants, or something or somebody in 'em.

AN ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL DISCOVERY.—It is said that thirty women were discovered in Ellsworth's Zouaves after they had reached Washington. They were sent home. The Zouaves probably thought they would carry their nurses with them, in uniform.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.—This very useful nautical instrument is about being discarded by the "Confederate States," on account of its naughty proclivity for the North Pole.

DAYS OF FOLLY.—Mr. Rich'd Nash, Beau Extraordinary to the Kingdom of Bath, once rode through a village in that costume of which even our first parent was rather ashamed, and that, too, on the back of a cow! The wager was, I believe, considerable. A young Englishman did something more respectable, yet quite as extraordinary, at Paris, not a hundred years ago, for a small bet. He was one of the stoutest, thickest-built men possible, yet being but eighteen, had neither whiskers nor moustache to masculate his clear English complexion. At the Maison Doree, one night, he offered to ride in the Champs Elysees in a lady's habit, and not be mistaken for a man. A friend undertook to dress him, and went all over Paris to hire a habit that would fit his round figure. It was hopeless for a time, but at last a good-sized bodice was found, and added thereto, an ample skirt. Felix dressed his hair with *mainte* plats and a *net*. He looked perfect; but in coming out of the hairdresser's to get into his fly, unconsciously pulled up his skirt and displayed a sturdy pair of well trousered legs. A crowd—there is always a ready crowd in Paris—was waiting, and the laugh was general. This hero reached the horse dealer's—"mounted," and rode down the Champs. "A very fine woman, that," said a Frenchman in the promenade; "but what a back she has!" It was in the return bet to this that a now well known diplomat drove a goat chaise and six down the same fashionable resort, with a monkey, dressed as footman, in the back seat. The days of folly did not, apparently, end with Beau Nash.

THE TURF.

PRIZE FOR RACING.—GRAND CHALLENGE VASE.—Last week Messrs. Tiffany & Co., completed an elegant vase for the Woodlawn Race Course Association, of Louisville, Ky. It is 36 inches high, and weighs 400 ozs. The value is $1,500. The vase is a circle of 13 inches in diameter, supported upon a cross, the four ends of which project, and are faced each with a race shoe; and on the top of each projection is a racing saddle, whip, jockey cap, stirrups, etc. The upper part of the circle represents a meadow, divided by a rustic fence. On one side is a stallion, and on the other a brood mare and foal. Resting against the pillar, and secured to staffs resting at the base are two bulletins, upon which are inscribed the rules of running for the vase. From the base the pedestal rises to the height of 14 inches expanded into a bowl 14 inches in diameter, and of beautiful Etruscan ornament to the centre. The bowl has four shields. Upon one of them is engraved the portrait of a celebrated race horse; upon another the Woodlawn Race Course; upon the third is a place for the inscription; and the fourth remains for the portrait of the winner. Between the shields are four massive figures of victory, of frosted silver, holding in each hand a wreath. Rising seven inches above the bowl is a circular ornament of nine inches diameter, having engraved on its face, in medallion form, the likenesses of the President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary and Superintendent, and other officers—eight in all—of the Association. The whole is surmounted by a handsome and good sized model of the race-horse Lexington, mounted by a jockey rider fully equipped and about to start for the race—modelled with careful minuteness from a painting and drawings furnished by the owner of the horse, Col. A. R Alexander. The rules of the race will be, that when the vase is once won, it is to be held under bonds of $1,500, for challenge at each succeeding fall and spring race, till it has been thrice won by one person, when the lucky triple winner will become the undisputed owner of it. The entire piece is a richly artistic ornament. Its chief novelty consists in the likenesses, which have never before been creditably executed.

Accompanying the vase was sent the Galt House prize for the same race course. It is a massive coffee urn, valued at $200, and appropriately ornamented. The vase was to have been contended for on the 18th inst.

A TURF CAMPAIGN AT BOSTON.—The first trot of the season, on Franklin Course, Boston, came off on the 13th inst. between St. Lawrence Maid and Brown Dick, play or pay, rain or shine. The conditions were, mile heats, best three in five, to harness for $200 a side. Brown Dick was nowhere, so to speak, for he allowed the Maid to defeat him in three straight heats; Dan Mace was the Maid's driver, and Dick was handled by Frank Briggs. The mare did not make a break in the race, and at some points she trotted very fast, Brown Dick got frequently off his feet, and never headed the mare in the race. Dick was the favorite before the start, and it is understood that his friends fell heavily. The race was trotted in the rain, and the track, which has been graded and loamed since the last season, was heavy. The following is a summary:—

FRANKLIN COURSE, Monday, May 18, 1861.—Match for $400, pp., mile heats, best 3 in 5 to harness.

Dan Mace named b m St. Lawrence Maid	1 1 1
F. Briggs named br g Brown Dick	2 2 2

Time, 2.48; 2.45; 2.49¾.

A RUNNING RACE.—A race of this description was contested on the Franklin Course, Boston, on the 10th inst. There were four entries, viz: White Eye, Black Douglass, Cruiser and Rockingham; and the prize to be run for was a purse of $100 the conditions being, mile heats, best three in five. White Eye gave his competitors the go bye, and won in three straight heats, the time made being 2:05, 2.04¾; 2:05.

A STALLION RACE is on the docket to come off on the Franklin Course, Boston, on Tuesday, the 21st inst. It is stated to be a *bona fide* match for $1,000 between Young Morrill, of New Hampshire, and Flyaway, a fast stallion from Bedford. Dan Mace is to drive Flyaway, and Bill Woodruff, who has located himself at this track for the season, for the purpose of training horses and driving them for such as desire his services, will pull the ribbons over Young Morrill. There are several horses in training at the above track, and despite the war movements, the turfites of that institution are determined to go in for sport.

TROTTING AT ROSENDALE.—At the Rosendale Agricultural Society's grounds, Ulster Co., N. Y., a good trotting course has been laid out, and on the 4th inst. a match race for $100, mile heats, best two in three, was contested between Overacker's Pride of Dutchess and Kingston Maid, which the former won in two straight heats, in 3:17; 3:11. On the same day, and after the above, a more exciting race took place between a black mare owned by Overacker and Jessie Hood, named by Geo. Freer for a purse. The mare won in two straight heats. Time, 3:07; 3:05. Another "go" is likely to come off between the two last named animals.

COLIC IN HORSES.—It is stated that the following is a good remedy for horses so afflicted:—"Wrap a blanket round the body, drenched with cold water. It steams like a boiling pot, and cures in fifteen minutes." That is what we should term a rapid water cure.

HAPPY LAND OF CANAAN.

UNION VERSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Oh! the war is now begun,
And we hear the rolling drum,
And see all our Northern Boys a trainin';
Neath the "Red, White, and Blue,"
We'll whip the traitor crew,
And send 'em to the Happy Land of Canaan.
CHORUS—Then ho, Boys ho,
We'll all for Union go,
And give all those traitor dogs a canin';
With a minute to repent,
And a piece of Yankee hemp,
We'll send 'em to the Happy Land of Canaan.

Jeff Davis sent us word
That the traitor Beauregard,
Was a coming—if the journey didn't lame him—
To capture Washington,
And make the Yankees run,
And send us to the Happy Land of Canaan.
CHORUS—Then ho, &c.

But "Old Abe" shook off his dream
When he heard our Eagle scream,
And told the Boys they'd better go to trainin';
And now we're all prepared
To meet old Beauregard,
And send him to the Happy Land of Canaan.
CHORUS—Then ho, &c.

So let's stand by our flag,
In spite of all their "Bragg,"
And whip these boasted traitors till we tame 'em;
Neath the Red, White, and Blue,
We'll meet the rebel crew,
And send 'em to the Happy Land of Canaan.
CHORUS—Then ho, &c. J. C.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

SECOND SECTION, FOURTH TOURNAMENT.—After surmounting the various causes of delay and distraction, the 4th Free Tournament at the Morphy Chess Rooms is again under way and the matches are again progressing. The sixteen victors in the first section are rematched in the lists thus:—

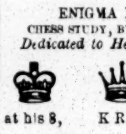
1..Dunlap vs Wood.	5..Stockton vs Caldwell.
2..Chamier vs Johnston.	6..Peabody vs Wheelwright.
3..Brenzinger vs Richardson	7..Knox vs Maxwell.
4..McLean vs Lamport.	8..Rooney vs Jos. Leonard.

CHAMPION OF NEW ENGLAND.—H. N. STONE VS HAMMOND.—Hammond, long the reputed champion of N. E., has now an antagonist in Boston who, we opine, will shortly and indisputably take his place. Indeed we look upon this position as having been retained by him for the last two years simply by not having met our little friend Frank H. Thurber, of Providence. Between Mr. H. N. Stone and Hammond a series of twenty games, Mr. H giving P and move, has recently been completed, resulting:—Drawn 0; Mr. H 7; Mr. S 13 In even games the footing up for 1860 stands:—Drawn 8; each player 15.

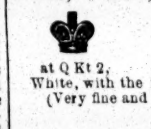
HERR KOLISCH VS REV. J. OWEN.—The first game of a match between these distinguished players, Herr K giving P and move, has been scored by Mr. Owen, after a gallant fight of six hours.

OUR PROBLEM.—We commence upon our "stock in trade" by republishing one of our correspondents' version of the celebrated French Prize Suicide of (we believe) 1859. The Black K and P were to stand as here, the composer to arrange the White pieces and append his own number of moves. M. Lamoroux, of Paris, took the prize with a six-move version. The present was a subsequent composition, and has never yet been solved.

ENIGMA No. 276.
CHESS STUDY, BY HERR KLING.
Dedicated to Herr Lowenthal.

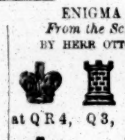


at his 8, K R 3, Q 7th.

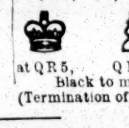


at Q Kt 2, at Q R 5th.
White, with the move, wins.
(Very fine and difficult.)

ENIGMA No. 277.
From the Schachzeitung.
BY HERR OTTO VON OPPEN.

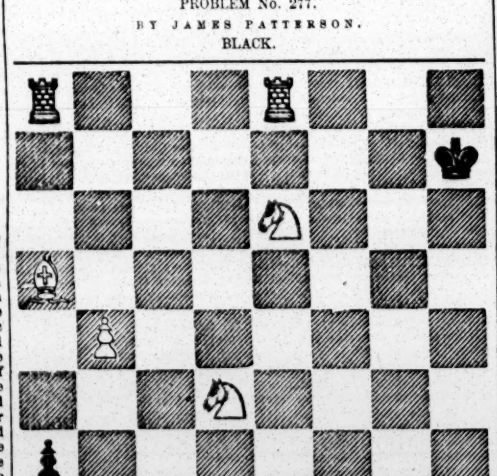


at Q R 4, Q 3, Q 5, Q R 2d.



at Q R 5, Q R 4, Q Kt 5th.
Black to mate in four.
(Termination of an actual game.)

PROBLEM No. 277.
BY JAMES PATTERSON.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in *twenty-five* moves, at most—Black making what piece he will of his P.

GAME NO. 277.

Recently contested in Philadelphia, between our contributors J. A. Leonard and Jacob Elson.

KING'S KT'S GAMBIT.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Elson.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Elson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	19..Q to K Kt 4 (a)	Q to K Kt 2 (b)
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	20..R-K Kt sq (c)	Q × Q + *must*
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	21..K R × Q	K Kt-B 3
4..K B-B 4	K B-Kt 2	22..K R-his 4 (d)	K-his 2
5..P-Q B 3	P-Q 3	23..B P × B	Q Kt × P +
6..P-Q 4	P-K R 3	24..K-his 3	Q Kt-K 3
7..P-K R 4	Q Kt-B 3	25..Kt-Q Kt 5	Q Kt × B
8..R P × P	R P × P	26..K × Q Kt	P-Q B 3
9..K R × R	K B × R	27..Q Kt-Q 4	P-Q 4
10..Q-her 3	K Kt-R 3	28..K P × P	Kt × P +
11..P-K Kt 3	Q-K B 3	29..K B × Kt	B P × B
12..Kt P × P	Kt P × P	30..K-his 5	R-K Kt sq
13..Q Kt-R 3	Q B-Kt 5	31..Kt-K B 5 +	K-Q 2
14..Q B-Q 2	Q B × Kt	32..R-K R 7	R-K Kt 7
15..Q × Q B	Q-K R 5 +	33..R × B P +	K-Q B 3
16..K-his 2 *best*	K B × Q P	34..Kt-Q 4 +	K-Q Kt
17..R-K R sq	Q-K B 3 *best*	35..K × Q P	R × Kt P, and
18..Q B × P	K Kt-home	must end in a draw.	

(a) During all these moves he could not take K B, on account of losing his Queen—indeed to tempt him to this appears to have been Mr. E.'s idea in taking Q P—but now the Attack relieves Q, *really* holds the B *en prise*, and threatens K Kt. The struggle to turn the tide of battle is highly interesting.

(b) His only move to avoid immediate loss.

(c) A very pretty and truly excellent move; the Defence bore generous testimony to its force and beauty.

(d) The Attack now completes his assurance of winning some advantage consequent upon his adversary's 16th move. Whether that winning is sufficient to insure victory is a question, the solution of which is one of rare difficulty.

THE following unusually elegant specimen of chess play is the fourth *partie* of the match between Messrs. Horwitz and Pindar.—*Manchester* (Eng.) *Express*

QUEEN'S KNIGHT'S OPENING.

Mr. Pindar.	Herr Horwitz	Mr. Pindar.	Herr Horwitz.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..Q to K R 5	K B to K 2
2..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	15..Kt × Q P +	K-Q 2 *best*
3..P-K B 4	P-Q 3	16..K R × B P	K R-K B sq
4..K Kt-B 3	Q B-Kt 5	17..Q B × Kt P	K R × R
5..K B-K 2	K P × P	18..Kt × K R	Q-K Kt sq
6..P-Q 4	K Kt-R 4	19..Q B × B	K × Q B
7..Castles	P-K Kt 4 (e)	20..R-K B sq	Q Kt-R 3
8..K Kt-R 4 (f)	Q B × B	21..P-Q 5	K Kt-B 5 (l)
9..Q × Q B	K Kt-his 2	22..Q-R 4 +	K × K Kt
10..K Kt-B 5 (g)	P-Q B 3 (h)	23..Q × Kt +	K-home
11..P-K Kt 3 (i)	B 2d P × P	24..Kt-K 4	K-Q sq
12..P-K 5 (j)	P × R P +	25..P-K 6 and	
13..K-R sq (k)	K Kt-K 3	Herr Horwitz resigns.	

(e) We cannot say we like the sort of game the Defence has after accepting this gambit and striving to maintain the P. Herr H., however, is of opinion that such a course may be followed with advantage.

(f) (g) Prettily played. Although simple, the effects of this little combination will be found very telling.

(h) On the conclusion of the game Herr H remarked that his grand fault lay in not here playing 10..Kt × Kt, and 11..K to Q 2d. We quite agree with him that such a course of play would have given him a better game than he now appears to obtain.

(i) (j) (k) We are wanting in words to express our admiration of Mr. Pindar's play at this juncture. The *nonchalance* with which he suffers P after P to fall, as it appears to the uninitiated for no other purpose than the dangerous exposure of his King, while at the same time he is, in fact, but carrying out a single fixed purpose by which success must be achieved, would, it strikes us, suffer by no comparison with any former effort of any other master of the "gentle art."

(l) He has no better move. We take it that his game has, in fact, been indefensible for the last ten moves or so.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WM. S. KNIGHT, New York.—Blank has not been "playing things on us." Many thanks for calling our attention to the repetition. When we publish a position, it is our general practice to destroy the original diagram, and thus prevent the possibility of duplicating. There's select language for you! Avoiding to do so in this instance, caused Mr. "Posish" to make a "second appearance." Nuf ced.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Still farther indebted—four times.

MARY E. M., Winooski Falls, Vt.—We crave pardon for seeming delay.

J. A. J., New York.—That move, if you please.

N. C. B., Louisville, Ky.—Would if we had 'em. Position appears this week. Shall be happy to hear from you often.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 5.—VOL. IX.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..16	to 19	23	to 16	5.. 7	to 16	12	to 8
2.. 2	7	32	23	6..16	11	8	3
3..14	10	5	14	7..19	16, and wins.		
4..10	19	16	11				

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 24TH POSITION.

White.		Black.		White.	Black.
1..18	to 15	9	to 14	3..15 to 11, and wins.	
2..26	22	14	18		

GAME No. 6.—VOL. IX.

From the American Draught Player.

"MAID OF THE MILL."—BY A. H. MERCER.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 17	10..11	to 16	20	to 4
2.. 8	11	17	13	11.. 3	8	4	11
3..15	18	23	14	12.. 7	30	14	7
4.. 9	18	26	23	13.. 2	11	21	14
5..10	14	24	19	14..30	21	14	9
6.. 4	8	28	24	15.. 5	14	29	25
7.. 6	10	24	20	16..21	30	31	26
8.. 1	6	30	26	17..30	23	27	2
9..14	17*	23	14		White wins.		

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
3..10	19	23	16
4..12	19	25	22

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND J. A. J.

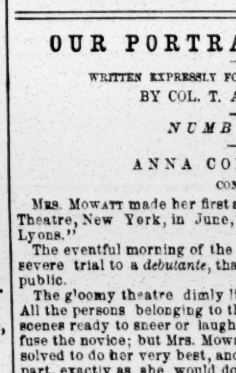
Black.—Mary.		White.—J. A. J.	
4.. 4	8	24	20
5..12	16		

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S.		White.—W. S.	
9..12	19	20	16

POSITION No. 6.—VOL. IX. BY N. C. B.

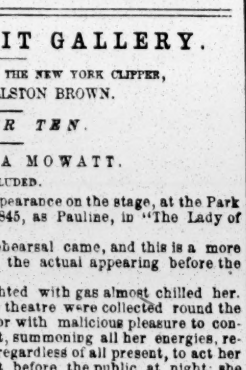
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

THE 25TH POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER TEN.

ANNA CORA MOWATT.

CONCLUDED.

MRS. MOWATT made her first appearance on the stage, at the Park Theatre, New York, in June, 1845, as Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons."

The eventful morning of the rehearsal came, and this is a more severe trial to a *debutante*, than the actual appearing before the public.

The gloomy theatre dimly lighted with gas almost chilled her. All the persons belonging to the theatre were collected round the scenes ready to sneer or laugh, or with malicious pleasure to confuse the novice; but Mrs. Mowatt, summoning all her energies, resolved to do her very best, and regardless of all present, to act her part, exactly as she would do it before the public at night; she took all by surprise, as they afterwards frankly confessed, and when the second act was finished, each, in the kindest manner, did his utmost to help her—the very actors themselves applauded, which is the highest species of praise, because it is the most unusual. No one doubted the success which awaited her.

The important morning of her *debut* was come, and without having the least misgiving she felt how momentous it was. She reviewed her past life, and saw that the very hand of Providence seemed to have ordered all things from her earliest childhood, to prepare her for this great step. She had been an actress long before she had entered the walls of a theatre. She analysed her motives, and the more she understood the true springs of her action, the more indifferent she became to the scorn of the senselessly proud, who could not comprehend that there is no degradation where there is no sin. She felt that in dedicating her powers to the stage, she was but fulfilling her destiny as willed by Heaven, and this conviction gave to her an unwavering courage.

The day of her *debut* was spent with her sisters in the preparation of her dresses; all were unusually silent, and through the whole day scarcely was an allusion made to the event of the evening. As she drove to the theatre she passed her father's house, where handkerchiefs were waved, and tearful eyes watched her departure. We have not mentioned that the father, since the death of his first wife, had taken a second, and this most kind and excellent woman sympathized with and strengthened her step-daughter in all these important circumstances of her life. The father, however, and only one of the sisters had the courage to be present at her public trial.

As a little peep behind the scenes, it may be interesting to our readers to know that, firm and collected as the young actress had been during all the necessary preparation, her courage failed her at the last moment, when dressed as Pauline, she seated herself on the couch on which she is discovered as the curtain rises. The moment the tinkle of the bell was heard as a signal for the curtain to rise, the full importance of the step she had taken rushed upon her mind; she felt as if she were losing all self-possession; a horrible stifling sensation oppressed her, and starting up she exclaimed—"No, no! Not yet! I cannot!" Everything seemed to swim before her eyes, and for a few seconds she totally forgot what she had to say or do. The actors and the manager, in the utmost alarm, crowded round her, trying in vain to soothe and reassure her. How it might have ended there is no knowing, had not one of the first comedians, who had rallied her in the morning on being frightened when the trying moment came to which she had indignantly replied that her motives would give her courage, made his way through the surrounding and terrified crowd, saying, in his most comical manner, "didn't I tell you so! Where's all the courage now?" There might be little in the words themselves; but the ludicrous expression of his countenance and manner restored her at once. She remembered her resolution; she thought of her husband and her father, who, with the rest of the audience had heard the bell ring, and must now be alarmed at the delay.

"Let the curtain rise," she said, and the manager dreading a relapse took her at her word. The audience received her with the utmost enthusiasm, and two minutes after she was enacting her part with as much calmness and ease as if it had been for the fiftieth instead of the first time.

When the play was ended and she was summoned before the curtain, the stage looked like an unbroken parterre; bouquets, wreaths of silver, garlands of laurel covered it. Nothing could equal the rapturous cheering of the audience; even the ladies rose *en masse* to salute her, a compliment which had never before been paid to any actress in that theatre.

Behind the scenes the actors and actresses were equally kind and warm in their congratulations. These, however, were not the triumphs to repay her for all she had suffered; the real repayment came a few hours later, when she drove from the theatre to her father's house, on her way to her own. At her approach, her affectionate parent, followed by her step-mother and her sisters, rushed down the steps to meet her, his face beaming with joy, and his whole frame trembling with agitation. He clasped her in his arms, covered her with kisses, and called her by a thousand tender epithets. Then it was that she first felt and enjoyed her success. Hitherto it had been too much like a dream; there had been something strange in the multitude, they had confounded and stunned rather than delighted her, but the voice and caresses of her beloved father were a sweet reality.

The next morning the public papers, unbought and unsolicited, contained long and laudatory articles and most glowing descriptions of the scene. The wonder of all was, that a woman, without long years of study, stepping at once, as it were, from private life upon the stage, should obtain a success so unequivocal and complete. But had not she been preparing and studying from her very childhood, and that with natural gifts, which like inspiration, made the true rendering of the theatrical character at once correct and effectual.

From this moment her fortune was made. Highly profitable engagements were offered to her all over the country, and at once giving up their house in New York, Mrs. Mowatt, attended by her husband, commenced travelling. Her reception in New York, was but a foretaste of what was to follow, for in every considerable city in the Union her success was equally great.

Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, October 5th, 1846, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," with great success.

All this, however, would have been imperfect satisfaction had not a third blessing been added. Her health, which had so long been delicate, gradually improved. At first she was so often overcome by her exertions, as at times to faint on the stage; yet still she persevered, believing that she was constitutionally adequate to all the fatigue; and so it ultimately proved. What, however, was the feeling at the time regarding her health may be understood by the following little incident, which considerably affected even herself at the moment.

She was playing Juliet, and had arrived at that part where the heroine lies in her deep sleep of apparent death in the tomb, waiting for Romeo to burst it open. Two scene-shifters outside, as if they might really have supposed her in the death-like swoon, began talking of her.

"She's a good little soul!" said one.

"Sure, and that she is," replied the other, "and it's where she's lying now she'll be lying soon in reality, or you may say I can't tell when I see one booked for the other world!"

In spite of this prediction, and many another from wiser heads than that of the poor scene-shifter, her strength increased rapidly, and she could soon enact a five act piece without any apparent exhaustion. The truth was, that anxiety and care, which wear out the human frame much more than physical labor, were now removed. The oppressed chest seemed to expand; and the pulmonary symptoms, which had caused so much anxiety, almost entirely disappeared. The physicians attributed one cause of amendment to the use of the voice; but we maintain that freedom from "carking care," combined with change of air and scene, the smiles of fortune, and a mind at peace with itself, were the true means of this amended health. How many thousands of meekly suffering invalids, now "booked for the other world," might have a long lease of life given to them were out existence made easier, and the burden of its daily anxieties removed from their wearied hearts.

Within the first twelve months she played above two hundred nights, and her popularity was greatly on the increase. From all quarters of the Union she received invitations, most of which were accepted. In the remoter parts many curious incidents occurred, which could only happen in such a state of society; among others which we have heard her relate with infinite humor, is the following:—

Whilst in Savannah "The Stranger" was announced for her benefit. On the morning of the rehearsal she was informed that the two children who usually performed the part of Mrs. Haller's children, were ill, and that every effort to procure others had failed, as the parents would not allow them to appear in public. Here was a dilemma. To alter the play would displease the audience, to play without the children, who were so important in the last act, was impossible. In the midst of this difficulty, Mrs. Mowatt's dresser, a young and pretty mulatto, begged to speak to her privately. When they were alone, she began, "I see that you are very troubled, ma'am, about the children; so I thought that I'd let you know that I've a couple very much at your service." So far, good. But then Mrs. Haller was a white woman. This difficulty was suggested to the mulatto mother. "Oh! my children are not *very* black," answered she, "seeing as how their father was altogether white.

As a last resource the children were sent for, when a very pretty little boy of about three, and a still handsomer girl of five were brought. Their complexions were not darker than that of many brunettes, and their hair fell in long and silky ringlets. In European countries they would have been beautiful children for the occasion, and even here the young actress hoped that with the aid of a little rouge their origin would not be detected, and she was satisfied.

Night came, the children were brought early to Mrs. Mowatt's dressing room, and their little picturesque toilets made as she thought most satisfactorily. They were carefully instructed in their parts, caressed kindly, feasted on cakes and sweetmeats, and promised all sorts of rewards if they behaved well. As Mrs. Haller's children do not appear until the last act, and as these little novices were all unused to such late hours, and were growing sleepy early in the evening, a bed of shawls was made up for them in one corner of the dressing room, where they slept till they were wanted.

In the year 1846, Mrs. Mowatt, after having gone the tour of the United States, made the acquaintance of Mr. Davenport. Mrs. Mowatt had already found, as every actress must, that she could play much better when the principal male character was performed by a person who understood her style, and who was as much engrossed by his part as she herself was with hers. It was therefore necessary that a gentleman should travel with them for this purpose, but many requisites besides talent were needed. In Mr. Davenport, happily, all were combined; he was a man of high moral character, and his gentlemanly manners, added to his unquestionable powers as an actor, caused Mr. Mowatt to make the offer to him, which he accepted with great pleasure.

Mrs. Mowatt commenced therefore her second theatrical year, playing in company with this gentleman. Mr. Davenport was already held in high esteem by the American public, and in concert with Mrs. Mowatt, he grew more in favor; his quiet, earnest, and truthful style of acting, making a deep impression wherever he was seen. A theatrical tour was again commenced. Everywhere they were feasted and *feted*, and loaded with rich presents, poems, complimentary letters, and every possible mark of public and private approbation were showered upon them.

Their voyage up the Mississippi was delightful. We will endeavor to communicate to our readers some of the pleasure which the relation of it afforded ourselves.

The whole journey was the most delightful that can be conceived. At all the principal towns where they stopped, they were cheered by the crowds on land; the weather was the most brilliant imaginable, and the talents of the company were called into requisition, not only to divert themselves, but also in honor of their distinguished fellow traveller, Henry Clay. They sang and danced, told amusing stories, and recited poems. Of course Mrs. Mowatt did her share; but the one who contributed most to the universal delight and entertainment, by singing songs, telling stories, etc., was Mr. Davenport. This gentleman is gifted with an infinite store of humor, and this was invaluable. One evening, for instance, when the company were more than usually merry, and were dancing in the great saloon, the eyes of all were suddenly attracted by a singular looking Yankee, dressed in somewhat caricatured "down east" style, with red hair, short jacket, striped pantaloons, and his hands thrust as far as they possibly could be into his pockets.

He was not recognized by the company in general, and the voice was so completely disguised, that even his most intimate friends the Mowatts would not have known it, had they not seen the same disguised face once before. He made his remarks in true Yankee style on the company before him, aloud to a friend who was in the secret, asked to be presented to Henry Clay, and in answer to that gentleman's questions, told him long stories in which he pretended to relate his own history and experiences in the world of fashion. Henry Clay and everybody else on board were thrown into convulsions of laughter, for several hours, upon which the Yankee, pretending to be offended, took his leave.

On the following day, which was their last, Mr. Davenport in his true character, gained much applause by singing a song which Mrs. Mowatt had written in honor of their distinguished fellow traveller. Mr. Clay had already known Mrs. Mowatt for a long time, and had always taken the deepest interest in her welfare and success as an actress; and many of the letters which this lady brought with her to Europe were from his pen.

The voyage came to an end, and the whole company separated with regret.

Our theatrical friends were now at Cincinnati, in the state of Ohio, and here we may mention a circumstance which redounds greatly to the credit of the American people, and which justifies the belief which we proudly entertain that nowhere in the bosom of the most scrupulously correct society, could women be found of a purer or nobler character than those female ornaments of the stage which we have received from America. There exists throughout the United States a strong desire to purify the theatres, and to make them all that they are capable of becoming—that is, not merely places of amusement, but of the highest instruction. In Cincinnati this desire was acted upon, and although they had already a very handsome theatre, another was erected, which it was intended should be of this still more elevated character. To this building was given the literary name of an Athenæum, and Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport were requested to open it, the inaugural address for which was written and delivered by this lady. So completely indeed did this new theatre answer all the wishes of its friends, that it was crowded night after night, even by persons who hitherto could never be persuaded to enter the doors of a theatre. Many and valuable testimonials of kindness were bestowed upon Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport before they left; to the latter a handsome gold watch and chain, with a complimentary inscription, was presented by the young men of the town, at a public supper which they gave to him.

After a series of engagements of the most profitable description, and accompanied by every possible token of public admiration and esteem, Mrs. Mowatt returned to her father's house in New York, then her only home; and in July (1847) her husband sailed for England to make arrangements for her appearance in that country. It was believed that this voyage would perfectly establish her

health, and her countrymen wished that she should receive the stamp of approbation from the parent country, the opinions of which they venerate so highly.

During this time Mrs. Mowatt wrote a five act drama called "Armand; or, the Child of the People," the plot of which she had sketched out while travelling, and which was already engaged by the manager of the Park Theatre. Early in September, Mr. Mowatt returned, and on the 1st of November she was to sail for England, and to make her first appearance in Manchester. The new play was completed, but there was only time to produce it in two cities, New York and Boston, whence they were to sail. It was instantly put in rehearsal, and produced after a little more than a week's preparation at the Park Theatre.

The day of its first appearance, in that New York where she had experienced such singular vicissitudes of fortune, was, as may be expected, one of great excitement to her; her sisters, who had returned to their homes, again arrived to witness its representation, and she who had so important a part to act that very night was, at the moment of dressing, in a complete bewilderment of anxiety and joy.

The success of the play was brilliant in the extreme, and the young author and actress returned to her father's house, as she believed the happiest of human beings.

The play was acted every night for the rest of the engagement. They then went to Boston, where it was instantly produced, and its success there was equally great.

Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt, accompanied by Mr. Davenport, arrived in Liverpool on the 15th of November, and on the 7th of December they made their first appearance in England, at Manchester, as Pauline and Claude Melnotte. The inhabitants of this intelligent town have a high appreciation of the stage, and next to a London audience that of Manchester may take its rank for critical judgment. Their reception of the American strangers was of the most cordial and flattering kind; without waiting to hear what some great Aristarchus in London would say, as too many of our provincial critics in art and literature often do, pronounced upon them the most unqualified praise, and sped them on their way to the capital with their best wishes.

Knowing hardly any one in London, and almost without announcement, Mrs. Mowatt made her first appearance in that city on the 5th of January, at the Princess' Theatre, in the "Hunchback." The engagement of herself and Mr. Davenport at this theatre continued for several weeks, during which time Mrs. Mowatt appeared among other characters, in Juliet, in Rosalind in "As You Like It," and Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing."

The severest trial of an actor's powers, as is well known, is Shakespeare; none but talent and genius, akin to that of the great poet himself, can fully comprehend, much more impersonate, his wonderfully drawn conceptions. Our American friends have been subjected to this trial and have stood it. They enact faithfully and worthily our own Shakespeare, and this will endear them to British hearts.

Coming before a London public without flourish of trumpets; also unannounced and unknown, from America too, where they speak our own language, and not either French, German, Italian, or Swedish, Mrs. Mowatt has instantly been acknowledged as an actress of no ordinary stamp. Her husband shortly afterwards died.

Mrs. Mowatt's last appearance in Philadelphia, took place March 18th, 1854, as Blanche, in "Armand," and Juliana, in "The Honey Moon," at the Chestnut Street Theatre.

Took her final leave of the stage, at Niblo's Garden, New York, June 3d, 1854, appearing as Pauline; the receipts were $6000.

Retired from the stage, and on the 7th of June, 1854, was married to Mr. Wm. F. Ritchie, at his residence in Ravenswood, L. I. Two thousand invitations were issued.

[Next week, Wm. A. Conway, and Mr & Mrs. F. B. Conway.]

THE "ROUNDER."

A SERIES OF SPORTING AND OTHER SKETCHES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN OF MANHATTAN.

NUMBER THREE.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE BOWERY.

THE gayest and liveliest night in the whole week, around this town, is Saturday night. If you want to be an inspector of a big show, just get to work on Saturday evening, give your hair an extra rub, shine up your best castor, buckle on your nattiest choker and necktie, and then jog along. If the night is fine, it doesn't make much difference which direction you take; but if you belong to the Deer Slayer Club, or the Cupid Brigade, and you want to give a good account of yourself, just steer for the Bowery, Grand, or Hudson streets. Drop in and take a stroll through either of those avenues at any time between eight and eleven o'clock on this night, and if you don't find the largest kind of game flying around that you have met in your travels, I'll stand the "wet" all around. Style, eh; oh! talk about style! It's grand; splendiferous; and everthing else. Nice little bonnets, you know, with nice little boquets, and red, white, and blue ribbons. Then such pretty eyebrows, looking for all the world as if you drew a semicircle with a Fabre's pencil on a lily, and cheeks and lips looking like one of those ripe peaches you see in Taylor's window in summer. But that'll do. I don't want to make you feel bad, so I'll let up on that kind of lip. Anyhow, the gazelles seemed to be more sociable last Saturday night than I've seen them before. There were fewer good-looking fellows on the stroll though, than usual, and perhaps that was the reason why the little delicacies didn't seem so stiff to me. Calico is King now in Manhattan, and the Home Guard is entering upon a lively season. Jack Crump,—a gay and fascinating youth of the Spartan Band, but who hasn't yet gone forth to do battle for his country, because he says his old woman—who acts entirely different in the case from the old Spartan lady that history tells us about, insists upon his staying at home—coaxed me off on this bright Saturday night, and we dropped into a few places where I have not been for a good while before. We "sashaed" up and down the two shilling side of the Bowery, and we saw a good many things that were new and funny. A few blocks this side of the Institute de Cooper, the Spartan called my attention to a window all ablaze with fancy transparencies, and a large placard told us that "this magnificent stock of jewelry was selling off below cost," and that "the richest article" in the store could be sported for "one dollar." We examined the contents of the window, and of course we couldn't help expressing our loud applause of the splendid bargains therein contained. The fellow inside was doing a rushing business, and I was determined to go in for the "fun of it," and hear part of what he was "laying down" to the fair customers. Well, you know, Colonel, he was dead broke on every article. He was selling off to close the business, and he wanted to sell the finest article in the store at a sacrifice. The dear lambs planked down their dollars, and they started home as happy as the fellow in the play, that sold his nag for a gross of green spectacles. An old Irishwoman, wearing a hood, and looking as if she'd been out to a "day's washing," came in, leading a little girl by the hand, and pointed to a locket with a chain to it as heavy as the one Billy Wilson showed up before his boys. Up comes the locket, down goes the dollar, and poor Bridget in the height of her glory, allows, "Musha, the Lord knows it's as chape as dirt, sure enough." So now, old sport, you see how little soap it takes to make a fellow shine. If I can sell that Waterford Jack blood of mine, I'm going to have a few pieces of that gold. A watch chain, breastpin, and two finger rings is only four dollars, then I can buy a bottle of jockey club or patchooly for my cambric, from Wilson, the ex-news agent, for thirteen cents, and then I can "show the color of my coin," with those concert saloon nigger minstrels, or "any other man." But let us get along down and see what's going on around the theatres. The time honored old Bowery Theatre, after its various freaks of fortune, has at last become an arsenal, and the Bowery Boys are training for the fight. The Star Spangled Banner is floating from the pillars of that memorable institution, and a pair of able-bodied sentinels are pacing up and down in front of the door. We show our passes, and go in. If we didn't have passes, the old boys couldn't very well go back on us, for the Spartan and I both done good service for the Colonel on last election day. But, however, as Boniface Plumper says, we went in, and we found the large and extensive old stage covered with soldiers and patriots. We found the sprightly and gallant Colonel in person superintending the drilling of his men. There was his handsome and stalwart brother Jack, the foreman of Atlantic Hose Carriage, No 15, but now a volunteer in his country's service, smiling with satisfaction at the skill and expertness of the men, and clapping his big broad hands when they did something good. Shannigan, too, looking as happy as if he had been introduced to a "gay gal" for the next dance, stood silent, and I'll guarantee was satisfied, for I've seen him otherwise once or twice. Crow Norton and Eugene Sullivan were there, too, true sports that have headed more than one delegation, and always knew their "biz." These good old Rounders I have just mentioned are officers in the regiment, and others who didn't happen to meet my eye. But, all told, the "Kerrigan Union Rangers" will prove themselves as good a lot of boys as ever left this town. They haven't tried to make much of a sensation; they believe that blood will tell in a fight better than letters to newspapers, and they are waiting for a sight to prove themselves men. The Colonel himself is a good pledge for this. He wants none but good and true men. He has been in the service of his country before now; he has raised the flag of his nation upon the plains of Mexico, and never forsook it until Santa Anna and his forces cried "peccavi." His command is well officered, and the regiment are just the boys that can whip any similar body of men they can meet in the campaign they are entering upon. Three cheers and a tiger for the James J. Kerrigan Union Rangers, and we go across to the Volks Garden, and see what's going on there. Up to the ticket-office, pay sixpence for a ticket, and "sail in." The Spartan draws me aside, and tells me he knows something big in here. We pass a lager bier keg nearly six feet high, and we are among the "Volks." We pass down through a crowd of vagrant "Zouaves," wearing different uniforms, until we get to a couple of reserved seats. The Spartan Heath Warden yells out "Lizzie," and up comes a goddess of Liberty, and agrees to fetch us "swei lager." Now, Mr. Conductor of the CLIPPER, I know you have got the "Q" to all your arrangements concerning the freight of the sprightly little barque under your command, but just allow me to give an entree of how things are done at this establishment. They charge you sixpence admission, and then you have the run of the house. That is, you can go anywhere you like except where you want to go. Then they have a half dozen performers, a sick orchestra, and they spread themselves upon the "pretty waiter girl" system. All the "prettys" o'er here wear fancy dresses, and they are so light, too, that your breath could almost send them furling. This state of affairs seems to take great effect upon the Catherine street Ribbon Brigade, who are generally very fresh and delicate; for the approach of these attentive little creatures seems to produce a sudden excitement among them, and makes them so absent minded that instead of putting the price of their drinks in the gal's hand, they miss the mark by a "long shot." This little forgetfulness sometimes brings about a "muss," some brave gladiator rushes to the rescue of his insulted fair one, and the result is that the poor quill gets "tossed," and rushes from the hall, crying murder. Now this gal that waited upon us was the tallest specimen of "pooty" and "fancy dress" that I've seen yet. I've been around, but she can take my hat. The Greek Slave ain't nowhere. I wonder where that Page fellow got one to sit for his Venus. Never mind, Lizzie, I've got my suspicions, though. Well, Lizzie was done up in a red, white, and blue "Jo'nee" dress—if you can call it a dress at all—it commenced below the shoulder, and ended above the knee; a liberty cap jauntingly tossed upon a wonderful profusion of fair ringlets; a bacge with a miniature likeness of Major Anderson inserted in it reposed upon her fair and innocent "buzzum;" a fancy pair of gaiters covered the tops of a nice white pair of stockings, and her under fixings reminded me of Gurity Daws' style some years ago, when she used to set the Old Bowery pit crazy with her heel-and toe-ology. Altogether, she was very enticingly done up, and looked rather inviting. I half fell in love with her, and if it hadn't been for my modesty and firmness combined, I would certainly have invited her to Hoboken the first fine day. I felt bad for Lizzie on one account. You know the tables and chairs were placed very close together, and when she passed in and out, her hoops and those nicely-embroidered gauze skirts came in sudden contact with the latter, and the result can be easier imagined than described. But take my word for it, it is of the most attractive and alarming character. I suppose it was the cause of the poor gal keeping so red in the face all the time. Lizzie is the liveliest "pretty" in the crib, and her hands are always full. The others are awful papers, they are dressed in every imaginable style, and look like a lot of female mummies. There is one charming creature, especially. Although she came from Dutchland, she seems to be quite at home, and is getting away with the contents of a glass stove pipe. You can bet she's High Dutch. She's on her shape, too. The Spartan and I couldn't agree in arguing her personal merits. But I say she's a "big thing." I like to see a woman that can take her own part. She's rather a heavy weight. She wears short dresses, and her limbs are a good deal like the deceased fat boy's. She looks considerably like Izzy Lazarus in fighting costume, but a couple of years younger. Her pride hasn't left her yet, for she curls her hair, and looks down with contempt upon the other "pretties," because they pay so much attention to those "young boyce." She seems to have a good thing of it, and enjoys it. She aint troubled with many "orders," and that makes her work pretty light for a heavy "gal." One advantage she enjoys over a good many of her kidney is, that she will never be troubled with the toothache, for I don't believe she has an ivory in her head. I have no particular desire that she should know that John of Manhattan is giving her this good-natured and generous notice, because she might take it in bad part, and lay for me the next time I go to the Volk's Garden, and she looks like a nasty customer to harness. The Garten is an institution, and the waiter girls is another. "Take them for all in all, we may never see their like again." They are a startling and big show, and I advise the readers of the CLIPPER the next night they go through the Bowery to stop in and take a look at them. The portion of the programme that was did on the stage while I was there, consisted of a Dutch song by the funny man of the company, and a heel-and-toe skirmish by six or seven girls, and a big fellow in white tights. The duck that worked through that comic song bears the most striking resemblance to the "What Is It?" of any specimen of the masculine persuasion that I have yet seen, and Charley St. John in the La Perche act don't put his body into half the twists and contortions that the genius did in doing that song. "It's all very well for you bloody hikers to laugh so!" exclaimed the Spartan to a couple of Deitchers at his elbow; "but I can't see where the laugh comes in!" I couldn't see it neither. But we saw and understood how the big fellow in white tights wrestled those half dozen little sylphs around the stage. One of them made a couple of desperate efforts to keep her feet.

Well, Cap., we had bully fun, and any amount of excitement. Lizzie kept up a continual sensation on our side of the house, and lager was in brisk demand. It don't cost a sport so much now-a-days to have his fun as it used to. In the good old times of the Wallhalla and the Franklin Museum, a fellow would have to pay a quarter or a shilling to see the three graces, or, Venus Rising from the Sea. Now, you can see a dozen graces and Venuses, and have them leaning upon your shoulder or your knees, and saying sweet things to you, at half that cost. If you are a great admirer of female grace and shape, you can see it in all its most perfect and delicate development, now as well as then. Well, George, the concert rooms killed the model artist business. Talking of model artists, reminds me of a high old time that I saw one night in the Wallhalla in Canal street, years ago, when I was young and foolish. It was put down on the bills that there would be some new and beautiful models exhibited that night, and the subscriber was one of the crowd that went to see the show. I've often wondered since what could induce the old reprobates without more than a dozen hairs on their foolish cranium, and even those few white and feeble, to show themselves nightly in such a place as that. But that was before I was aware of the existence of a mysterious order which I understand those old brutes belonged to. There was a good house that night, and a goodly number of the old sports and buffers around town were present. There was a delegation from Yankee Sullivan's district, and one from Centre Market, and things looked as if there was mischief on foot. Every thing went on smoothly until the curtain went up, on Diana and her Nymphs bathing. The wheel had made only one revolution, when "douse the glimmer," rang through the house. As quick as the pulling of a trigger the place was as dark as midnight. Then there was a grand rush for the stage, and the excitement and confusion that followed baffles description. The uproar at Harry Jennings' during a dog fight is no comparison to it. The yells and screams of Diana and the beautiful nymphs were furious. One would suppose they were being murdered in the most horrible and brutal manner, but it turned out that there was nobody very badly hurt. It was a ferocious charge, but I believe some of the "graces" met it with fortitude and resignation. In the meantime the struggle of the audience to get down stairs was tremendous. While they were tumbling down the police were tumbling up, and they nabbed as many as they could hold. There was any number of cops on hand in a few minutes, and they succeeded in restoring order and striking a light. The principal actors in the play made their escape from the back of the building, but the Greek Slave was released from her chains, and had to take a walk to the Station House as soon as she was dressed. The three Graces, Diana, and the rest, had also to put in an appearance, but they could give no account of the gents who intruded so unceremoniously upon their privacy. The cream of the joke was the case of an old doctor who "still lives," and who was a constant patron of the "Temple of the Graces." There was some style about old Pilgarlic—something after the fashion of Spulaski. He was a gay boy. As he strolled down to his private stall in the Wallhalla, he put on the air of a man who was entering Windsor Castle, with his long, curled wig, his eye-glass stuck on his nose, and a silver headed cane in his hand. There the old rascal would sit nightly, and actually smack his lips with delight as that precious wheel went around. He was a marked man, and that night when the glimmers were doused, some of the scouts made a ferocious attack upon him. The most serious injury he received was the loss of his jaunty hat, and his handsome black wig. His cane was also gone, and he found himself in the street in the custody of an M. P. completely scalped, for he bad'nt a single hair beneath that toupee, and minus all his "pooty" except that eye-glass. He begged and begged the M. P. to let him go, but nary time. Somebody present lent him a cap that merely covered the top of that smooth and white skull of his, and he was marched off to the Tombs. I'll never forget how Jack Magnus, who was then Captain of the Sixth Ward Police, laughed when he saw the old model fancier enter the Station House. He was a better picture of Robert Macaire than he was of himself an hour before. They let him off though, and I never saw him in the Wallhalla afterwards. They tell me that the old cruser has since become a church deacon, and a genuine Samaritan, and now advertises to bring "cure and comfort to the afflicted." Bully for him!

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

Jack Carter, the Lancashire Hero.

HIS SECOND BATTLE WITH ROBINSON, THE BLACK.—MATCH AGAINST TIME—CARTER TO WIN IN HALF AN HOUR.

On the 24th of May, 1816, Jack Carter, the Lancashire Hero, was matched to fight a black named Robinson, for 50 guineas a side. This battle Carter won in twelve rounds, lasting seventeen minutes and a half. The amateurs, however, wishing to give the black another chance, proposed to Carter a match against time, when Robinson was again brought forward as his opponent, he, Robinson, not to be defeated in half an hour. Carter, who had vanquished this sombre hero in so much less time, laughed at this new attempt upon his capabilities, and accepted the challenge without the slightest reflection. On Wednesday, June 26, 1816, at Coombe-warren, the above boxers met to decide this match, for twenty guineas a side; and, notwithstanding the badness of the weather, the patrons of pugilism mustered strongly. Much sporting speculation occurred, and they both entered the ring in good spirits, 6 to 4 on Carter. The latter was attended by Cribb and Harmer; and Robinson had for seconds Oliver and Richmond.

Round 1. Carter, as in the last fight, immediately upon setting-to, went quickly to work with his left hand, and nobbed the Black in style. Robinson was not able to make any return, and he received four successive severe facers. Carter did as he pleased, hit and got away with much dexterity. Two minutes elapsed before the round was finished, when the man of color went down.

2. It seemed not to be the intention of Robinson to make any hits, but merely to prolong the fight. He sparred with the utmost caution, but he was not able to prevent Carter from nobbing him at almost every step. The man of color, however, was induced to make a sort of rally, but he was at length hit down. This round lasted three minutes.

3. Carter, with the utmost activity, put in six severe blows on the cheek of Robinson, and got cleanly away, without the least return. A close took place, when Carter got the Black's head under his arm, and fibbed him so severely, that he fell out of the ring and Carter upon him.

4. The fighting was all on the side of Carter; he planted hits with the utmost dexterity; and had he not been fighting against time, any odds must have been laid upon him, as to proving the conqueror. He again held Robinson up and fibbed him till he went down.

5. Carter kept hitting and getting away, till, at length they closed, when he got Robinson's head under his arm, and the man of color, to prevent being fibbed, grasped tight hold of Carter's hand, but the round was finished by Blacky's going down.

6. The left hand of Carter was again three times in succession in the Black's face, without any return. Robinson kept cautiously sparring and drawing himself back, and those blows he attempted to make were out of all distance, and lost their effect. Robinson was again sent down.

7. It was astonishing to see with what ease and facility Carter made use of his left hand. He now put in with the utmost rapidity nine severe facers, making Robinson's head dance again, and experiencing not the least return. In closing, they both went down, but the Black undermost.

8. The superiority of Carter over his opponent was visible in every movement, and he not only gave six more facers with the utmost dexterity—also put in a body blow, but most severely fibbed Robinson down. The Lancashire hero was much distressed.

9. Carter again felt for the Black's nob, but from the slippery state of the grass, he got off his balance and went down from a slight hit or trip. But Carter was up in an instant.

10. Notwithstanding the numerous severe facers Robinson had received, there was no confusion about him, and he was always ready to time. It appeared now, that if Carter won the battle, he must go in and do considerable execution, as the half-hour was rapidly advancing, and the Black was not to be licked by merely nobbing him. Robinson endeavored to make a change in his favor, by attacking Carter, and following him up, but, at length, he was sent down.

11. This was a tolerably good round, and the Black showed himself a very different man altogether from what he appeared in his late combat with Carter. His mug seemed a little changed, and Carter kept repeating upon the punished places. Robinson went down from a hit.

12. The Black set to with much resolution, and seemed very unlike an almost finished man. His face was again severely milled, but it was very doubtful whether Carter had the best of this round. The Black was sent down.

13 and last. Time was growing very short, and Carter to win must almost perform wonders. He again put in two nobbers, and some other hits, when Robinson fell down, from a sort of slip, tumbling forwards between Carter's legs; Carter immediately threw up both his arms, and declared the man of color had dropped without a blow. The outer ring was instantly broken, and some confusion took place. "Foul, foul!" and "fair, fair," was loudly vociferated by both parties, and on all sides. Twenty-eight minutes and a half had expired. It was urged that Robinson had fallen once before without a blow, which had not been noticed. Upon this termination some demur occurred; but it was decided by the umpires that Carter was entitled to the money, and it was given up to him accordingly.

In the eighth round Carter was evidently distressed, and showed he was much out of condition. He had been living freely, and his milling capabilities must have experienced a drawback, by his having a very painful and inflamed leg. In fact, it was rather a surprise match, and money was hastily deposited on the part of Carter, when he was not in the most temperate state of mind. It was a ridiculous wager altogether, and such a man as Robinson appeared to be in this last fight with Carter—it would require the tremendous finishing hits of a Cribb to beat the man of color with anything like a certainty in thirty minutes. The face of Robinson, never an Adonis, was a little spoilt as to its former character, but the fight was far from being taken out of him; and, in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth rounds, he changed his mode, with an appearance of going to work in earnest. He was not to be vanquished by nobbing hits alone.

Could Carter use his right hand in any manner to second his left, few men, it is urged, would be able to stand any length of time before him. He appeared not the least hurt from the conflict in which he had been so recently engaged; and Robinson also was in a wagon, viewing the fight between Curtis and Lazarus, which followed, with all the indifference of a mere spectator.

The Lancashire and Carlisle friends of Carter now rallied round him, and he was, at length, matched with Oliver, then considered as the best man in the kingdom, arising from the advantages of youth, strength, pluck, and science; and, in addition to the above requisites, having won six battles in succession. In the metropolis, Oliver was everything; and Carter, in opposition to him, only named with derision and contempt. But time, which showeth all things, thus narrates this milling event:—

PUGILISM IN SCOTLAND.

GREAT MATCH BETWEEN CARTER AND OLIVER.

This distinguished contest between the above milling heroes of renown, was decided on the estate of Sir James Maxwell, in an enclosed field of Mr. Johnson's, the innkeeper, (and within 150 yards of the Blacksmith's shop, so celebrated in the Lover's Cabinet, for the despatch of business) at Gretna-green, four miles from Longtown, and fourteen from Carlisle, on Friday, the 4th of October, 1816, for 100 guineas a side, in a twenty-four feet roped, ring, in the presence of 30,000 spectators. The sporting world were much interested, yet so confident as to the termination of the event, that 3 to 1 was considered as correct betting. Oliver had risen progressively into fame, and he was now viewed as almost invulnerable! Not so with his opponent—he was anything but a good one. "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good!" and the Bonifaces picked up a few crumbs by the great bustle and influx of company which this mill created in the north. During the day on which the fight took place, the streets and houses of Carlisle and its vicinity were totally drained of the male population—females only were left to conduct business—and a horse, chaise, cart, or any sort of vehicle whatever, however dirty and despicable, was not to be procured at any price. The fanciers of the metropolis, it seems, were not so numerous as usual upon those great milling occasions, and a few of the highest flight only were recognized upon the ground—the commoners feel very angry in being thus deprived of this trial of pugilistic skill, and that those "big ones!" ought not to have fought at such a distance from London. Mr. Jackson was not at Carlisle; and it is observed, that the losing man was not the better for his absence. The concourse of people was so great that it was deemed necessary to form an outer roped ring, in order to prevent any unpleasant consequences from the pressure of so vast a multitude. Not a single accident happened, and the greatest order prevailed. Between the rings the swells were accommodated with seats, for a quid each. The fight had nearly been prevented, as the officers of justice, sent by George Blamire, Esq., the Mayor of Carlisle, and the Rev. Dr. Lowry, and Dr. Heysham, two other magistrates, were on the look-out to bind the parties over to keep the peace. Oliver arrived at the Bush-tavern, Carlisle, accompanied by Captain Barclay, on Wednesday morning, at eleven o'clock, and he had scarcely entered the room when the officers inquired for him. Some person suspecting their errand, introduced them to the brother of Oliver, when Tom took the hint and quietly withdrew, he not being known to them. At nineteen minutes before one, the battle commenced. The umpires were the Marquis of Queensberry and Captain Barclay. Carter first entered the ring with his seconds, Painter and Harmer, and the usual defiance of the castor was exhibited by him. Oliver instantly followed with his assistants, Cribb and Cooper. On stripping, the condition of Oliver appeared equal to any one that ever entered the ring; but Carter, it was thought, might have been better. The ceremonies of friendship were then performed, and 10 to 4 was loudly vociferated upon Oliver.

Round 1. The odds being so decidedly against Carter, the greatest anxiety was manifested by the spectators, upon their setting-to, and the combatants seemed equally alive to the importance of obtaining the first advantage, by their deliberate mode of attack. Oliver endeavored to plant a tremendous blow with his right hand, which Carter stopped in a scientific style, and returned a severe left-handed hit on the right eye of Oliver, that produced the claret in a twinkling. A good rally took place. Carter closed upon his adversary, fibbed him terribly, and ultimately threw him. Oliver bled profusely from his temple and his nose. It is impossible to describe the shouts of the populace upon Carter's obtaining this superiority. It was like a salute of artillery: the odds had completely vanished, and even betting was now the true feature of the ring.

2. This burst of applause seemed to operate much upon the feelings of Oliver, and he determined, if possible, to get the turn in his favor, by going more furiously to work. Carter, partial to the left-hand mode, aimed at his opponent's nob, which Oliver prevented, and fought his way into a rally. Considerable hammering took place, and Carter got his man on the ropes. Here the truth began to be told to the sceptics—the superiority of strength most completely manifested itself upon the side of Carter, who again threw his opponent. Great shouting, and it was all up with any more offering of 3 to 1.

3. Oliver gave Carter a severe blow on his head, but the latter would not be stopped, and again bored his man to the ropes, punished him dreadfully, and brought him down; Oliver bleeding copiously.

4. Oliver was now convinced that he had formed an erroneous opinion of the boxing powers of his antagonist. Carter turned out a better man in every point of view than he had expected, and was not to be disposed of in that easy manner which he had flattered himself must be the case, previous to the fight, and in which his friends had so fatally confirmed the error. Several heavy blows passed between them, but to the advantage of Carter. The latter received a severe facer, but, notwithstanding, he drove his man to the ropes, and, in closing, both went down. The head of Oliver was now terrifically hideous, the blood pouring down in torrents—his body and back completely scored with the ropes, occasioned by his struggles to resist the iron grasp of Carter, and to get away from that desperate fibbing punishment which had been so liberally administered to him by the superior strength of his opponent. Six to four upon Carter generally, and much more in many places. It was at the close of this round that Carter first showed blood.

5. Oliver seemed at a loss how to cope, with any sort of success, against his scientific antagonist, and resorted to his game qualities of going in to smash this hitting and getting away boxer, if possible. Oliver was no stranger that Carter always preferred giving to taking punishment, and drew an inference that his opponent had some fears in this respect, and to insure victory the fight must be taken out of him, by close and determined attacks. Oliver, in consequence, felt severely in this round for Carter's body, but the latter returned desperately on his opponent's head. They were again struggling at the ropes, and both went down.

6. Some heavy blows were exchanged in a rally, and Carter was floored at the ropes.

7. Oliver was bleeding in all directions, and, in closing, went down.

8 to 20. The description of these rounds would be superfluous. In admitting the gameness of Oliver, his manliness of boxing, and his determination to succeed, if possible, perfectly satisfied the most sanguine of his partisans, and at intervals he met with partial success; but, in justice to Carter, it must be stated that the advantages were decidedly upon his side—he hit and got away with his usual *sang froid*; his right hand was also conspicuously effective, and, whenever it appeared expedient to finish the round, he closed at pleasure upon his adversary with the most eminent superiority. Oliver gained nothing in fighting, for length, and even by going in, he was opposed with the most determined opposition. In truth the spectators were convinced, in the above rounds, that the science—the strength—and smiling confidence of victory were on the side of Carter; and that his adversary had not only been most dreadfully punished, but was quite abroad as to his usual system of tactics, throwing away a number of blows, by repeatedly hitting short; while, on the contrary, the Lancashire hero did not exhibit any very prominent marks of severe milling, and was quite in possession of himself.

21. In this round Oliver showed himself off in a conspicuous manner, and put in so tremendous a hit in the wind of Carter, that he measured his length on the ground instantaneously. It appeared, from its severity, a complete finisher, and the friends of Oliver thought Carter would not be able to come to time, if at all—and the Lancastrians looked rather blue as to its ultimate effects. The betting, notwithstanding, varied but little.

22. The expected change did not take place, although Carter appeared at the scratch, very much distressed, and almost gasping for breath, but he contrived to get himself down in the best manner he was able. No blows passed in this round.

23. Much the same as the preceding, but in struggling Oliver was thrown.

24. Carter was now "himself again"—his wind had returned, and he resumed the conflict in the most decisive style. Oliver, like a lion, rushed forward in the most gallant manner. The hitting, in a rally, was terrible—both the combatants seemed totally to disregard punishment—the fine game of Oliver was opposed by the bottom of Carter, and this essential quality toward victory in pugilists, so much doubted to be possessed by the latter, was now found not to be wanting in the Lancashire hero. Oliver's head was so hideously disfigured that all former traces of it were gone—and Carter's nob was a little altered from its originality. It was the most desperate round in the fight, and the close of it at the ropes was to the disadvantage of Oliver, and his friends were now satisfied he could not win.

25. It was astonishing to witness the courage of Oliver, and he appeared determined to conquer or perish in the attempt. One eye was completely in the dark, and the other was rapidly closing. His strength was fast leaving him, but nevertheless he contested this round in the most manly manner. He was ultimately thrown, and Carter fell heavily upon him. Ten to one upon Carter.

26 to 32, and last. The die was cast, and the brave Oliver, like heroes of old, could not control his fate. Nature had been pushed to the farthest extremity that the human frame could bear, the vital powers were nearly extinct; defeat seemed to operate so much upon his mind, that he fought till his pulse was scarcely found to vibrate—and in the last six rounds, during which he had not the least shadow of a chance, he had persevered till all recollection of the scene in which he had been so actively engaged had totally left him. In the thirty-second round he was taken out of the ring in a state of stupor, and completely deprived of vision. The swelled appearance of his head beggared all description—his body and back were shockingly lacerated all over from his struggling so much upon the ropes, and, in point of fact, much as fighting men may have suffered in former battles, the situation to which Oliver was reduced, it appears, exceeded them all. The battle lasted forty-six minutes. He was taken and put to bed at Longtown, four miles from the ring, and in consequence of the vast quantity of blood he had lost in the contest, added to his exhausted state, the surgeons who were called in to attend upon him, deemed it highly dangerous that he should be bled.

Oliver felt confident that he should prove the conqueror, and exerted every means in his power to insure victory. He came into the ring in high condition, weighing about 186 lbs.; but the chance was completely against him, either at in or off fighting, excepting the twenty-first round. Oliver tried to beat Carter after the manner he had vanquished Painter, by determined in-fighting; but the left hand of Carter always met the head of his adversary before he got to his length; when Oliver, finding the great danger of this mode of attack, endeavored to render it useless by throwing his head back to avoid the coming blow, at the same time it gave Carter a full opportunity of striking down with his right hand, which he never failed to do. It was always in the power of Carter to close upon his adversary, and bore him to the ropes whenever he thought proper. In short, there was no comparison between the combatants respecting scientific fighting; and the character of Oliver, as a good man, was more valued than his capabilities as a boxer considered—the high patronage, too, of Captain Barclay had dazzled the minds of the Fancy—individual, or cool judgment was out of the question, and three to one was betted without why or wherefore. Calculation was completely against such betting and it was a sort of overwhelming preference. Too much prejudice had existed against Carter; and it was sneeringly observed that he was without game—at best a mere flipper with his left hand—and whenever he was placed against a good one, he would soon be found out! Comment upon that head is now rendered unnecessary, as facts are stubborn things;—a better or a braver man than his fallen opponent, is not to be found upon the list of boxers—and, although defeated, he is entitled to the highest consideration of the sporting world. Carter weighed about 189 lbs., smiled frequently during the fight, and treated the efforts of his adversary with the utmost indifference. There was some cry about a foul blow, but the umpires did not notice it. Carter returned to Carlisle in the evening, and was seen walking about the streets with his friends. So much was Carter the object of pugilistic admiration at this place, that, at the White Hart Inn, a subscription was proposed among several amateurs, that he should fight the Champion of England for 500 guineas. It was also observed, as Richmond was walking round the ring during the fight, that Carter had beat all the blacks—"No, all but one," was the reply; when Richmond said he would fight Carter for 200 guineas. Great praise is due to Painter for the care and attention he paid to Carter during his training.

A LONG GAME OF BLUFF.—When the California gold mines were first opened, dust was supposed to be plenty in the diggings, and we heard a story of four persons, on the American Fork, seating themselves to play a game at poker—the ante, as a substitute for money, being a handful of gold dust. They continued playing some time without either side winning much. At length, one of the party, who had a good hand, went a handful "better."

"I see that, and go a pint better," cried another, who also had a "strong" hand.

"I see that," responded the first, "and go a quart better."

"Well, I see that, and go you a gallon better," responded the other. This rather disconcerted his adversary for a moment, as it "oversized his pile;" but confident in the superior strength of his hand, he collected together all the gold dust he had left, and putting it aside, coolly remarked to one of his companions:—"Here, Jim, watch my pile till I go out and dig enough to call him."

The final result of that game has never been reported.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Indianapolis, Ind., Stephen Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m*
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Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20 9m*
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BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
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OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANTS' MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:—

DAN BRYANT,	NEIL BRYANT,	AYNSLEY COOK,
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And JAPANESE TOMMY; Or, "WHAT IS IT?"

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c.

The first to introduce the following popular acts:—

Essence of Old Virginny,	Scenes at Gurney's,
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Dural MacDill Darroll's,	Grape Vine Twist,
Miss Issippi Fling,	And many others.

Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gonier, Whose Heel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Bounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.

Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.

This Ever Popular and Talented Troupe, the most carefully selected Company of

ETHIOPIANS, MUSICIANS, AND VOCALISTS,

The world has ever produced, whose musical talents and true representations of Negro Life has made them the theme and admiration of the entire American Continent, and throughout the Island of Cuba.

LIST OF ARTISTS FOR 1861.

H. S. RUMSEY,	W. W. NEWCOMB,
HARRY LEHR,	WM. BLAKENY,
W. T. EMERSON,	J. H. KELLOGG,
M LEWIS,	S MANNING,
J. W. ADAMS,	RUDOLPH HALL,
LITTLE BOBBY,	WALLIS REEVES,
J. BURNGESS,	C ELMORE,

B BRAHAM.

Each selected for their individual excellence and unequalled talent.
2-tf HARRY HAPGOOD, Agent.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
From Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, New York.
H. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.

N. B.—The management tender their sincere acknowledgments for the very kind and liberal patronage bestowed upon them on the occasion of their previous trip through the Western country, and beg leave to announce that they will start on their Second Annual Tour on Wednesday, March 6, 1861, with an entirely new entertainment, and the most talented company of artists ever brought together under one organization.

LOOK AT THE COMPANY!!!

Whose names are too well known to need further comment.

H. M. HOOLEY.	S. C. CAMPBELL,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	BEN COTTON,
JOHNNY DULEY,	ROLLIN HOWARD,
G. W. CHARLES,	J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE,	R RUIGK
J. H. SCHMITZ,	CHARLES WERNIG,

W. H. SIMMONS.

For particulars see Programmes and Posters.
1 J. C. FABB, Agent.

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
SYLVESTER BLEECKER.....Proprietor and Manager
FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY,
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Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PIECES, illustrative of
51-tf SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,

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THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD,

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CHARLEY WHITE,
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J. H. BUDWORTH, J. H. BUDWORTH,
BILLY QUINN,
R. HART, R. HART,
W. BUDWORTH,
SAM LONG, SAM LONG,
PAUL BRILLANT,
MONS. LA THORNE, MONS LA THORNE
ADD WEAVER AND MASTER BARNEY.
JENNY ENGEL, JENNY ENGEL,
LOUISE WELLS.
The Great
BALLET TROUPE,
BALLET TROUPE,
Composed of First Class Dancers.
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ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE.—The Dramatic Season of this establishment having closed, the St Louis Opera House, the largest, most elegant and most comfortable Theatre in St. Louis, (the great Metropolis of the West,) will be for rent for Opera, Concerts, Drama, Lectures, &c., at very fair conditions. For terms and particulars apply to HENRY BOERNSTEIN, Publisher, Anzeiger des Westerns, and Lessee of St. Louis Opera House.
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WANTED.—Seventy five first class performers.
ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS,
COMIC SINGERS,
DANSEUSES,
VOCALISTS,
GYMNASTS,
FIFTY YOUNG LADIES FOR THE BALLET.

None but those of acknowledged talent need apply. Address by letter, stating salary,
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TO MANAGERS.
ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
THE GREAT SENSATION ACTRESS,

Is playing a most brilliant engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. The Press of that city pronounces her the most charming actress of the age. Among her renowned specialities are
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN,
THE FRENCH SPY,
JENNIE DIVER,
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THREE FAST WOMEN,
COURT OF GARIBALDI,
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SMIKE,
WIZARD SKIFF,
FEMALE GAMBLER, &c , &c.

Combined with popular and original farces.
Letters to Miss MENKEN will be forwarded from this office. 2-tf

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RETURN FROM THE EAST.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD,

At Bangor, May 2d, 3d, and 4th; Portland, 6th; Portsmouth, 7th; Manchester, 8th; Nashua, 9th; Fitchburg, 10th and 11th; Worcester, 13th; Providence, 14th and 15th; New London, 16th; Norwich, 17th; Willimantic, 18th; Hartford, 20th; Middletown, 21st and 22d; Meriden, 23d; Waterbury, 24th; Binghampton, 25th; Bridgeport, 27th.

ENTIRE NEW PROGRAMME.
Illustrated and embellished by the Champions of Minstrelsy.
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WM. H. DAVIS, Agent. 3 3t

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE.
Stage Manager..MR J. DOWLING | Treasurer.....MR HAND.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents. | Gallery.....25 Cents. 3 tf

MRS. MAGUIRE, of the San Francisco Opera House, is now in this city, for the purpose of engaging talent for the next season First class Stars, and others of undoubted reputation in the profession, will be treated with on addressing Mrs MAGUIRE, care of NEW YORK CLIPPER. 3-tf

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LITTLE ROCK THEATRE FOR RENT.—For Minstrels and Exhibitions of all kinds, until the 28th day of October, when the theatrical season commences, and continue until the 28th day of March, 1862. Persons wishing to engage the Theatre, for exhibitions, &c., or for the theatrical season, will please address
2-tf J. F. JAMES, Little Rock Theatre, Ark.

THE MISSES NELSON are now on their Western Tour. Communications will reach them addressed to 49 Bleecker st, N Y [5 8t*

BURTIS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN,
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ISAAC BURTIS.....Proprietor
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W. BORDWELL.....Stage Manager

NEW FACES! NEW ACTS!! EVERYTHING NEW!!!
We still adhere to the old motto—
FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.

New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 2-tf

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SINGING, DANCING,
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WAITER GIRLS	IN	FANCY COSTUME.
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Corner of Prince street.
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JAMES L. O'CONNOR, Manager,
6 1t* Late Manager of the Volks Garden.

MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
THE SENSATION STAR,

Is playing a fine engagement at Pittsburgh. She is the only Star whose ability to draw good houses is proof against the war excitement. She will be in New York on the 27th, 28th and 29th of this month, previous to starting out with her troupe of Trained Horses, thirteen in number, embracing the celebrated dancing horse
BELLE BEAUTY,
And the Trick Ponies
JULIAN AND HARNEY,
which will be introduced in some of the most daring and thrilling melo-dramas ever produced in this country.
Letters to be addressed to this office. 6-1t

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
MINSTRELS

Have closed their Opera House, Boston, for the season, and re-open August 1st, 1861, entirely remodelled. During the Summer the company will visit the principal cities in the Canadas and Eastern States, commencing in Montreal, at
MECHANICS' HALL,
Tuesday evening, May 21st, and continue until further notice.
6 LON MORRIS, Manager.

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL,
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JOHN MACARTHY.....Proprietor.
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OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
SONGS, DANCES, OPERATIC BURLESQUES,
GYMNASTICS. PANTOMIMES, &c., &c.
Admission..... 13 cts. | Dress Circle.....20 cts.
Performers of acknowledged talent can always meet with good engagements by applying as above. 6 tf

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CARD FROM THOS. KING.—After wading through the long-winded card in the last CLIPPER, from G. K. Goodwin, who now turns up as "manager for Wambold & Co.," (who *are* Wambold & Co., *anyhow?*), I find that he simmers down from former statements, and acknowledges that instead of my obtaining $150 from him "by false pretences," he only loaned me *ten dollars*, which I returned to him. Precious "little wool" to make such a cry over. Whatever pecuniary transactions there may have been between my friend, Mr. Whitby, and myself, is a private matter, which will be satisfactorily settled by ourselves, without any interference from Mr. Goodwin. Mr. G. says he *intended* to have sent me more money, as he promised. I have only to remark that the most orthodox clergy say that "h—ll is paved with good intentions."
May 14th. [6-1t] THOS. KING.

FAKIR OF AVA.—The address of this magician is inquired for. Will he, or some friend, send it to this office? 6

FRANK RIVERS' MELODEON,
421 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

On Saturday, June 1st, FRANK RIVERS' MELODEON will close, after one of the most successful seasons of the many that he has managed. The closing of the Melodeon, at this time, is not caused by any falling off of patronage, but by an intention to carry out a plan which the manager has been maturing for about a year, *i. e*, to travel through the country during the summer months, with the whole of his ballet, pantomimic, musical and dramatic troupe. His engagements, for the past six months, have been to that end, and he has certainly presented an array of names to the Philadelphians far in advance of any similar place of entertainment in the city. He has called around him a large number of people of decided merit in their respective lines, each of whom is an attraction, *solus*. The merit of the troupe, the energy, perseverance, and outlay of the proprietor, will create a desire to see this popular company which cannot fail to put money into the manager's purse.

The troupe is accompanied by a full and efficient orchestra of thirteen solo performers, led by Prof. J. H. Roswald, who, as a composer, occupies a respectable position among the musicians of this country. The other members of the orchestra are also well-known proficients, and among them are such well known instrumentalists as Ritter, Clarke, McKenzie, Reilly, Jackael, Poot, McCormick, White, and Track. This orchestra is composed of such professional merit that in musical circles it is only sufficient to give the names of the performers to convince them of the superior skill of the combination.

The Melodeon Cornet Band is also a feature of the troupe. It is composed of fifteen performers, led by Prof. J. Ritter. The uniform of the band is of the most costly kind, and of peculiarly elegant appearance.

The corps de ballet, of twenty beautiful young ladies, under the direction of Prof. Geo. W. Smith, *maitre de ballet*, and for many years associated with the Ravels, includes Mlle Millie Fowler, *premiere danseuse*. Kitty Blanchard, M'lle Rose, Jennie Johnson, Florence Rivers, Susan Sammerfield, Ellen Colene, Kate Marshall, Clara Berger, and others of decided merit. Some of the principal and most popular ballets performed during the winter at the Melodeon will be introduced on the route. Among them may be mentioned the Bivouac of the Zouaves, by twelve young ladies in appropriate costume; the Pas de Fleurs, by eighteen young ladies, as it was originally performed by the celebrated Viennoise children; the Madrigals of Spain, by eight young ladies; in the richest and most costly velvet and gold costume; the Quaker Pas de Fascination, by nineteen young ladies; the Sultan and his Harem, by sixteen ladies; the Mariner's Vision, by eight young ladies; La Sylphide, by seventeen ladies; Grand Pas Japanese, by eight young ladies; Grand Masaniello Festival Dance, by twelve ladies; La Bayadere, by eighteen ladies; the beautiful Scotch Strathspey, by eighteen ladies; Highland Tramp March, by twenty ladies in new and beautiful Scotch costume, and the Grand Amazon March, by eighteen ladies. These are only a few of the many dances, tableaux, and marches to be given by this troupe; and no better troupe ever travelled in this country. Their proficiency under the tutorship of Prof. Smith, their splendid wardrobe, and their number, constitute of themselves sufficient attraction to travel around the world with. The most extravagant outlay of money could not excel in beauty, richness, and effect, the costly costumes in which the ballets and marches are performed. The effect of the performances may be inferred when it is known that the most of their pieces have been repeatedly encored, and all of them have received the commendation of the press of this city. The thorough discipline, the ease and grace, the attractive appearance, and the superb apparel of the corps de ballet, ought, of themselves, to fill any place of amusement where Manager Rivers advertises to appear.

The vocal department includes the following, among other talent:—Miss H O. Lalande, mezzo soprano; Miss Ida Duval, contralto; Miss Julia Mortimer (who has sung the new Union song with a "gay and happy" chorus every night for the past three months, with great applause), and Master George Germaine, tenor, whose youthful voice is a marvel of sweetness.

The Ethiopian Troupe contains such performers as Mr. A. J. Leavitt, banjoist, and author of many of the most popular negro sketches which keep upon the stage, and among them is "He would be a Son of Malta," now in its fifth week at Bryants' Minstrel Hall, New York; Mr. J. Mulligan, character performer, who has no equal in the song of "Bob Ridley;" D. Gallagher, the funniest little man alive; J. K. Campbell, the *lean* man, who excels in "ham *fat*," and Young America, jig dancer. These Ethiopian comedians are each superior in delineating eccentric character, and their popularity has been thoroughly tested.

The Drama also has received the attention of the manager in making up this unique company. For light pieces—musical burlettas and farces—the cast has always abundant strength. Mr. Joseph Wheelock is the leading juvenile performer; George R. Edeson, an amusing low comedian and pantomimist; Mons. L. Szollossy, pantomimist, burlesque dancer, and dialect actor; H. Calladine, pantomimist, formerly of the Ravel troupe; Harry F. Stone, pantomimist and general performer; Miss Annie Levering, leading lady; Mrs. H. F. Stone, versatile actress; and Mrs Allen, *comedienne*. The stage will be under the direction of Fred. Dubois, formerly of Laura Keene's Theatre.

The arrangements thus far made for the summer trip of this troupe are of the most extensive and liberal character. Money and time have been devoted to perfect all the minutiæ of an immensely varied business. The travel will be confined to the railroads of the country, and to avoid any unnecessary trouble to the conductors on the cars, each member of the troupe is provided with a beautifully engraved gold badge to fix upon the dress of the holder, so that "he who runs may read."

The extensive wardrobe of the company will be carried in one hundred and twenty canvas-covered trunks, uniform in size and appearance, made expressly for this occasion, each one having "Frank Rivers' Melodeon, Phila., Penn.," painted upon both ends. The troupe (in all fifty-four persons) will leave here on Monday morning of week after next.

Manager Rivers has devoted his time, money and energies to this enterprise with a liberality which deserves a large return. He will open in New Haven, Conn., on the 4th of June, and thence he goes to Hartford, Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Troy, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and back to "home"—old Philadelphia.

This exhibition can be honestly commended to the press of the country. Especial notice is also due to the honor and integrity which have characterized Manager Rivers in all our relations with him during the time he has been the proprietor of the MELODEON. Our editorial friends will find Mr. Sears, the treasurer, a gentleman at all times and on all occasions. The agent of the Melodeon Troupe, Mr. Prentiss, ought to be, and doubtless will be, courteously received by the editorial profession, of whom he was for many years an honorable member.

Kid wishes the worthy manager an abundant harvest for his large outlay of capital, and a safe journey through the country and back again to his popular temple in this city.—*Philadelphia Sunday Mercury, May* 19.

☞ We have letters for Miss Charlotte Crampton, Max Irwin, C. Lavalee and Mrs. N. Hubbard.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, May 20, 1861.

Many are the reports concerning the future operations of our theatrical managers, but very little credit can be attached to any of them. Engagements are said to have already been made for the fall and winter campaign, and that several performers now in Europe will join the forces on this side for the next season: at present, however, England is the land of plenty for the player, and many are making their way thither without delay, while others are proposing to follow as soon as "arrangements" can be made. Here, there is but little encouragement for them, and our cities are overrun with professionals of every variety. Strolling companies are trying the provinces, but with little or no success. Even circus companies, who generally find their harvest in the travelling season, have, thus far, experienced but indifferent business. Finding the war fever still engrossing public attention, and, consequently, interfering sadly with amusements, many companies have made their way to the British provinces, but the early birds only have caught the worms, and those who put in a late appearance do not find business much better than they left it in the United States. In this city, but little is doing, and not very cheering prospects in view in regard to the future. Those establishments which continue open, have cut down their expenses, down to the lowest figure, and many of the people are playing for half salaries rather than have the theatres close. Every kind of really unnecessary help is dispensed with on the stage, and in many instances one man has to do the labor of three. By this means, a few places are kept open; and were it not for the cool weather we have had, even these would be compelled to close. The advent of warm weather will shut up many places of amusement, here and elsewhere.

We dropped in at Laura Keene's on the 16th, to take another glance at the "Seven Sisters." Some of them have wonderfully changed since last we gazed on them, and not altogether with age, we might add. The piece itself has undergone another transformation, and the old devil is played out, and a new one substituted. The piece actually outlives the performers. First, we had Mr. Leeson as Pluto; he gave way to Mr. Browne; and now Browne has abdicated in favor of Mr. Barton. Then we had Polly Marshall, Miss Melvyn, and other shining lights in the constellation of "Sisters," but they, too, have gone out, and new faces are to be seen in their stead. The Sisters will die of old age, if nothing else. Tom Johnson remains, but poor Tom looks as though he would not be able to see the piece out. Laura Keene looks almost as fresh as when the play was first produced, but traces of care and age can be detected here and there; she *may* live to see the end of the Sisters. Burnett, the "irrepressible nuisance," holds out well; he fadeth not away, but, like the peculiar "institution" which he represents, does all in his power to keep up the excitement. Levick gives evidence of the wear and tear he has been subjected to in his rendition of Lord Dundreary; many of his former jokes have been entirely forgotten by him, or rendered "null and void" by the constant change and progress of events. "Little Dundreary," by Miss Bullock, is seen no more, the child having attained to maturer years since the play first introduced her to our notice. "Diogenes" is wiped out. "Corner Lot" and "Red Eye" have died, and others are in the sere and yellow leaf. Mr. Rogers is still the same as "Uncle Sam," for there is no such word as fail with our glorious Uncle; neither does the charming representative of Columbia show the least sign of dissolution; she outlives the Southern "sogers" who used formerly to take such pains to hiss the Union sentiments she uttered. They, like their cause, have dwindled "to a fourth rate power," and proud Columbia still lives to chaunt their requiem. Lotty Hough, too, the laughing, rollicking Lotty, improves with age, and is one of the features of the spectacle at the present day, as she was when the "Sisters" was first produced, in times gone by. She has learned to sing since those times, and now gives us a truly refreshing Yankee song about "Josiah and his Sally." She sings it well, too, and is nightly encored. Lotty is one of the Sisters whose beauty remains "undimmed by age." Here's to you, Lotty, and your Yankee Gal. Peters, as Mrs. Pluto, abideth with us yet, and as Cupid, dances with sylph like agility. Tom Baker still leads the orchestra, and time has dealt leniently with him. The music of his orchestra is "still the same" as in days of "auld lang syne," and is another connecting link between the past and the present career of the "Seven Sisters." We now see some new faces in the orchestra, and a few more bald heads than formerly; as on the stage, time has made many changes here. Little Mary Bullock is a larger butterfly than of old. There are several old people on the boards whose names have escaped our memory, and some new ones whose names we never knew. So we go—the great theatrical success of the season '60-61 is still being performed; it takes because there is "nothing in it" but "illegitimate novelties;" a conglomeration of absurdities, pretty women, pretty legs, pretty bosoms, and beautiful scenery, the "Seven Sisters" has attained a run exceeding by far the utmost anticipation of its concoctors, and the fair lessee of the theatre in which it is represented. "Thus be it ever," and may the "Star Spangled Banner—" Well, there, we had better not get on *that* stretch, or the other houses will be forgotten.

"One more unfortunate." On the 13th inst., Mr. Mortimer Thompson, better known as "Doesticks," suddenly left "this gay and festive scene," and took unto himself a wife. The lady is a daughter of Fanny Fern, and Henry Ward Beecher did the "connubial" honors. *Au revoir*, Doesticks. Farewell to all your dreams of single-blessedness; no more chats with the girls behind the curtain, though probably this may be atoned for by certain lectures at home; no more cozy nips, and champagne suppers "after the play;" no fun with the boys; no more larks with the gals; no nothing of that sort. Ah! Doey, you'll see—"just wait a little longer."

Them "funny fellows," Mrs John Wood, and Mr. Jo. Jefferson, will bring their season at the Winter Garden to a close, on the 25th. They have done as well as could be expected, "under the circumstances," and will secede in favor of Mr. Sothern, who opens on the 27th, as will be seen by another paragraph in this department. Jo. goes to California. "John" goes to—well, we believe it has not yet been settled where the lady shall take up her future quarters. She's good anywhere, however, and we suppose it won't matter much where she engages next.

"They're the boys for pleasure," and that's "what's de matter." Bryants' Minstrels have done a very fair business during the past week, and Dan Bryant and Eph Horn have caused "much larfture" in these serious times. They're a bully crowd, are the Bryants, and "knowing their rights, dare maintain them." Here we are, getting off again on a Patriotic strain, without knowing it. We are so full of patriotism now-a-days, that it gushes forth in trumpet tones, without the least connivance on the part of the party to the first part. But above all things, "when war wings its wide desolation, etc, etc, go hear the minstrels, provided you do not enlist in the glorious cause.

The "What Is It?" has not yet committed itself regarding the war. Whether "it" considers it a war of government against treason, or a crusade against "What Is It?" has not yet been fully defined; but the little cuss will await the course of events, like other "great powers," before taking sides in the "war movements." At the Museum, they are still playing that "terror striking piece" alluded to in our last.

The Old Bowery *has* been used by the Kerrigan Rangers, but we believe the agent of the building thought the boys used the old shanty rather roughly, so he brought their engagement to an end last week; but their flag still waves, and a corporal's guard is left to point out the present rendezvous of the *corps*. The Rangers are getting along just as well in their new quarters.

Madame Anna Bishop gave a series of concerts last week at Stuyvesant Institute. Business was not healthy.

The New Bowery is still running sensation and patriotic dramas; but the "patrons" turn up rather scarce, owing to the fact that the "boys" are engaged pretty much in discussing the affairs of the nation, and cannot spare time for in-door amusement.

At the annual meeting of the American Dramatic Fund Association, held on the 13th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—James T. Brady, Esq., President; Messrs. Chapman, Holbrook, McLean, Genin, and Brougham, Trustees; Messrs. Mason, Davidge, Blake, Isherwood, Lingard, Byrne, Moore, Sefton, Hilliard, Clarke, Hadaway, Young, Williams, Bridgeman, and Floyd, Directors; J. H. Oxley, Treasurer; C. H Bernard, Secretary.

Collapsed again. The National, after a very brief and very unprofitable season, closed again last week, Messrs. Foster & Rogers not being able to see any money in the concern. The National has had a funny lot of managers of late years. Some of them seem to have imagined that it was only necessary for them to announce that *they* had taken the Theatre, to ensure its success. The "people" engaged are generally the sufferers by this "open and shut game."

Married, in New York, on the 9th of April, 1861, by the Rev. R Horton, Miss Anna France to Joseph F. Wheelock, formerly of the Boston Museum.

Men oftentimes die in our midst, and nought is known of the sad event until months afterwards. An instance of the kind has just been brought to our notice. Samuel F. Palmer, comedian, formerly attached to the Boston Museum company, died at the Bellevue Hospital, New York, on the 30th of November last, aged 30 years. The deceased was well known throughout the Eastern States, and was for a long time in the employ of W. B. English.

On Monday next, 27th inst, Mr. Sothern will open at Winter Garden, in "Our American Cousin at Home." The piece has met with considerable success thoughout the country, but has not yet been performed in this city. Preparations have been making for its production here for several weeks, and it will be brought out in good style, with some beautiful scenic effects. The cast will embrace Mr. Sothern as Dundreary and Sam; Mr. Blake as Binney; Vining Bowers as Asa; Bishop as Uncle Pete; Jas. Stoddart as Coyle; George Stoddart as Cuthwell; Morris as Mencott; etc. The female characters will be distributed as follows:—Jessie Trenchard, Mrs. Gladstane; Mary Meridith, Mrs. Chaufrau; Edith Talford, Miss Price; Sam's Tiger, Mrs. George Stoddart; etc. The piece made a hit in Boston, to which city Mr. Sothern will return at the conclusion of his New York engagement.

At the Eagle Concert Rooms, Broadway, near Bleecker street, Harrison, extemporaneous singer, and George Winship, nigger minstrel, with one female vocalist and two gallus dancers, are performing. Three half breed Dutch Americans own the concern, and being free, it is pretty well patronized. Friday night one of the would-be roughs, a big, ugly mongrel, knocked down a consumptive boy who happened in his way, just to keep his hand in. A respectable looking man interfered to prevent further injury, when four or five of the whisky-heads wanted to double-bank him too. How we wished some of the Zouaves had been in there just then! We will pay it another visit soon, and if anything similar occurs again, it will be our duty to caution people from going there.

The Palace Singing Saloon, in Wood's marble building, under Mr. J. O'Conner's management, is quite a success, and nightly crowded. They issue no programmes, so the performers' names are only known to the regular visitors. Rattling and target practice is carried on extensively. The "deers" are attired in fancy costumes, and look sweet enough to eat. Sacred concerts are to be given here on Sunday evenings, free, just the same as week nights.

From the dirty flings at prosperous rivals, the Canterbury managers are getting in bad odor, and the concern begins to look shaky. When advertisements contain nothing but slurs at their rivals, business must be going to the d-dogs!

A monster patriotic Union Concert, in aid of the Volunteer Fund, established for the benefit of those who go to the war, will take place next Saturday, May 25, at the Academy of Music, under the direction of Mr. Geo. F. Bristow. He will be assisted by the New York Harmonic Society and nearly all the best artists in the city, including Miss C. Hinkley, Miss M. Brainard, Madame Anna Bishop, Madame Stoepel, Miss Rowcroft, Messrs. Aynesly Cook, J. R Thomas, Geo. W. Wooster and others. Also Mr. S. B Mills, Professors Eben and Dohler, &c., &c., with a full and efficient orchestra. Gen John A Dix is Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, sustained by a host of highly influential names.

There's no end to the rush at 444, despite the dull times. Novelty upon novelty is mounted every week, and new faces greet you every night. Sam Long, the clown, succeeded Tony Pastor, and Paul Brilliant has stepped into Velarde's pumps. Louise Wells, actress, pantomimist, danseuse, and circus rider, is in her third week; she is quite popular, as is proved by the great enthusiasm shown every time she trips on the boards—a better figure and bust is seldom seen anywhere. Ad Weaver may be set down as a steady performer for a year at least; he's mighty popular with everybody as a superior singer as well as a splendid dancer; and, for a man in his position, we never came across his like for modesty or true worth. A good egg, and no mistake. Miss Lemaire we pronounce the best fancy dancer in the lot; she's *petite*, but good articles always come in small packages. The rest of the company you all know too well for us to enumerate, if we had room. Since Squire Butler (a popular name both in battle and at home) took the lease of Wallack's, Charley White handles the ribbons, and gets things up in style. Last week a burlesque on Mazeppa was played; it is from Mr. White's fertile pen, and for costumes and scenic effects, compares favorably with the best theatres. In the piece a live pony, Lady Washington, is introduced, who is thoroughly trained to his biz, and performs his part as well as the rest.

Sam Cowell is once more under the necessity of taking a position in the concert saloon: he sung at the Melodeon last week, which seems to have troubled the Canterbury sorely, from the slurs cast on Samivel in their "ads."

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Frank Rivers' Melodeon, Philadelphia, will close for a time on June 1st, when the redoubtable persevering manager will pilot his excelsior company through a summer tour. In a review published elsewhere, and taken from the Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury*, will be found a truthful description of his renowned troupe, which comprises a perfect galaxy of talent in all the branches of theatrical amusement, including the ballet, Ethiopian minstrelsy, the drama, comedy, singing, in ballad and chorus, besides a first-class orchestra and concert band. Verily, the denizens of the various cities that shall be favored with a visit from this talented company, will have cause sufficient to congratulate themselves immensely. May Rivers flow on until he shall have floated high and dry on the tide of success which he has created for himself by his indomitable energy.

Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn, during the past week has been doing a good business, considering the military excitement in that city. For the present week, in addition to the regular company, a new feature has been added to the Varieties, in the exhibition of a beautiful Shell Boat, of superb model, named the "B. L. Pacard," in honor of the popular Treasurer of that establishment, built by James McKay, of Williamsburgh, of Spanish cedar, 30 feet in length, and weighs 35 pounds.

J. L. Davis, and his talented family, late of Burtis' Varieties, are giving exhibitions in the towns up the Hudson River. They show at Yonkers, on Wednesday evening, 22d inst.

Baltimore has returned to its mutton, as Johnny Crapeau would say, and amusements are again in full blast. Last week the Holliday Street Theatre gave a variety of pieces. William Tell was performed on the 16th, to a better house than they have had there for some time. Sam Glenn, who had returned from Washington, had a benefit on the 17th, when the bill consisted of the Jewess, and the Serious Family. Sam had issued a "proclamation" poster, and many of the good folks of the Monumental city looked upon it as a *bona fide* war document. Stewart Robson had a benefit on the 18th. This week "Joseph and his Brethren" will be given, and after that, "Aladdin."..... The Pagoda, which closed about two weeks ago, was to have been re-opened on the 18th..... The Continental had been doing fairly. Johnny Boyd had a benefit on the 16th, when, in addition to the regular performances, a match dance between Boyd and Micky Warren was announced..... Mr. Leutbecker's company, of the Melodeon, had gone to Washington, but a small force was left in charge during their absence, consisting of those attached to the Summer Garden, which had "gone in." E. Berry, Prof. W. E. Morgan and son, Mons. Corvelli, and M'lle D'Aubrey, had gone to the Melodeon.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels performed in Providence, R. I., on the 14th, and also on the 15th, the latter being for the benefit of the volunteer fund.

Harry Leslie, late of 444 Broadway, is now engaged at the Green Street Concert Hall, Albany. Mr. Leslie is a very useful man in getting up tableaux, pantomimes, and novelties of all kinds. Annie Chester is also at the same hall.

The theatre in Detroit still stands the storm. The company is small, but fair. Last week, the blood and thunder drama was the attraction. This week, Cherry and Fair Star is to be brought out.

Among the recruits in the 1st Regiment of Michigan Volunteers, which left Detroit for Washington on the 13th, are H W. Eagen, late Ethiopian comedian of Beller's; Toby Sherlock, late treasurer of the theatre; and Ed. Langley, also recently attached to the theatre.

Father Kemp's Old Folks sung Auld Lang Syne ditties to the Nottingham, Eng., weavers, on the 27th ult.

Joseph Proctor made his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Northampton, Eng., on the 29th ult. He is well spoken of there.

Dan Castello, of Hengler's Cirque Variete, took a benefit on the 29th ult. The show was then at Sheffield, Eng.

An American company of strolling singers, called the Alleghanians, gave in December last, in the Island of Hewey, one of Cook's Archipelago, a grand concert, which was attended by the King of the Island, Makea. More than 2 000 tickets were sold, and the receipts were 78 pigs, 98 turkeys, 116 fowls, 16,000 cocoanuts, 5,700 pineapples, 418 bushels of bananas, 600 pumpkins, 2,700 oranges. It required a day and a half to embark all these articles. The concert consisted of a vocal quatuor, and of several morceaux executed by means of bells of different sizes—from the dimensions of a bucket to those of a thimble. The savages who composed the auditory listened open-mouthed, and remained motionless from admiration when the march from "Norma" was performed. At the end of the sitting one of the principal personages present rose, and gravely complimented the performers by saying, "We shall never forget you! "—*Entr' Acte.*

Myers' Dramatic Company continued to play through the past week at New Bedford, notwithstanding they had, early in the preceding week, Bailey's Circus to buck against, and last Week Wambold's Circus and Menagerie. They open at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 20th, for two weeks. Miss Amy Frost, Mr. and Mrs J. Biddles and E. L. Tilton join them there.

The Rocky Mountain Wonders created considerable wonderment at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, Eng., during the week ending May 4th.

Will the "Colleen Bawn" ever collapse? On the 6th inst. Bourcicault was to deputize somebody from his medical staff to keep it alive, and kicking at Liverpool, Eng. If it is to die, it is to be by a slow process, and its epitaph will be "die on."

At Clayton Hall, Liverpool, Eng, the Buckley Serenaders were bucking for soap, a process in which they were tolerably successful, during the week ending May 4th. After they got through bucking there, Mrs. Howard Paul would commence bucking with a like object in view.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kean performed for the second time, at Lincoln, Eng., on the 3d inst.

Miss Julia Daly commenced a short engagement at Leicester, Eng., on the 6th inst.

The *Era* of the 5th inst. says a first *rate* company was at the Victoria Music Gallery, Manchester. We don't doubt that it is the first, at least it is the first that we have heard of; but what is the nature of their performance?

"The Colleen Bawn" was to have been resumed at the Adelphi, London, Eng, on the 6th inst., when and where Mr. and Mrs. Bourcicault were to appear after their return from Dublin. "The Colleen Bawn" has been performed upwards of 170 times at the above house.

James Anderson was starring it at the Standard, London, Eng., on the 6th inst., and was to continue some time longer.

Ole Bull delighted the listeners at a concert given at St. James' Hall, London, Eng., on the 2d inst., by the manner in which he "scraped the gut" on his old cremona.

Mr. Felix Daly, who had for some years been a member of the Princess' company, died in England suddenly on April 27th. He had retired to rest on the preceding evening, apparently in his usual health, and was found dead in his bed when the servant entered his bed-room in the morning. It is a curious circumstance that he had succeeded, through the death of Mr. Saker, to the part of the Second Grave-digger

isms and Corkisms on the 29th ult. Irish character in Ireland is something like toting coals to Newcastle.

The Female Christy Minstrels were at Dundee, Ireland, at last advices. Why don't they fuse with the male Christy's?

English Opera, by the Pyne and Harrison troupe, was inaugurated on the 29th ult., at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. By all accounts, it was not likely that it would pine away and die soon.

Charles Matthews commenced a short engagement at Glasgow, Scotland on the 29th ult.

Yankee Bierce was to follow suit after "Chawles" (Matthews) had played his last card at Glasgow.

Howes and Cushing's circus, with the British Lion of the P. R., were at Hartlepool, Eng., on the 29th ult.

Many reports are in circulation concerning Dan Rice, some asserting that he talks "secesh" in the South, and Union in the North. The latest report comes to us by telegraph from Cincinnati, as follows: CINCINNATI, May 17.—"Dan Rice's circus flotilla was menaced by the mob last midnight. They demanded that Rice should hoist the Union flag instead of his own. He repelled coercion, brought a howitzer charged with slugs to bear upon the mob, and defied them; put on steam, and stood for the Kentucky shore, where he is now safely moored." This report may be correct or it may not. We await corroberative advices. If true, then Dan Rice's occupation as a showman is gone in the Northern and Western sections of the country. We may have something to say upon the subject in our next, when particulars will have reached us by mail.

Dick Parker, John Landis, and Bob Sheppard have taken Long's Varieties, South Third street, Philadelphia, and thus far they have done very well. Among the ballad singers is Mad. Rush, who is said to be one of the best in the profession. On Saturday evening, 18th inst., we dropped in at the Varieties for a few moments, and found quite a fair audience present, who seemed to be much pleased with the performances. There is one thing that the managers should pay a little more attention to, and that is, the preservation of order. The boys were very noisy on Saturday, and we were surprised that the officers permitted them so long to annoy the audience. By proper attention to the matter, and by occasionally introducing new attractions, and new people, the Varieties may be made to pay. Will the new proprietor take heeed? Messrs. Parker, Landis and Sheppard, are clever performers themselves, and are getting a good company around them.

John Owens, manager of the Varieties, New Orleans, was to take a benefit on the 11th inst, the last night of the season. "The Man and the Tiger," "The Thumping Legacy," and "Forty Winks, or Blunders in a Bed Room," composed the bill for the evening, in which Owens, Jordan, and Davenport were to sustain the principal characters.

Our Chicago correspondent, it appears, made a slight mistake in stating that Bain and Baker were connected with Postlewaite's, late Beler's, Campbell Minstrels. Baker passed through Bloomington, Ill., on the 11th inst., *en route* for Chicago, to connect himself with a circus, Bailey's, it was thought. Beler's Campbell's are as follows:—J. W. Postlewaite, Proprietor; John S. Boyce, Manager; I. V. Chadduck, Leader of Orchestra; Herr Kellerman, Musical Director; Charley Petrie, Brudder Bones; E. D. Gooding, Banjo; Victor Mauger, H. H. Deppe, A. Hoffman, P. Osterman, Master Willie, Mons. Peppers; J. B. Murphy, Agent. Their route after leaving St. Louis was up the Mississippi to Burlington, Iowa, stopping at all the principal towns. Thence to Galesburg, Ill., and all the towns on the line of railroads to Springfield, Ill., where they open at Cook's Hall for three nights. They report business good, for the times, and improving.

Miss Charlotte Cushman having sprained her foot on the 16th inst., at Worcester, Mass., was unable to appear at Providence, R. I., on the 17th, as advertised. Her medical attendants consider the injury sustained by Miss Cushman as sufficient to prevent her appearance again for some few weeks.

J. B. Howe is playing at the Pavilion, London, Eng.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller are at Lowell, Mass., this week.

Miss Maggie Mitchell is accused of being astride the Union fence, throwing *bon bons* and kisses on each side. Oh, Mag!

From Montreal, Unsworth's Minstrels went to Sherbrooke, and thence to Quebec, for three nights.

Professor Miller showed in Quebec on the 8th and 9th inst, to fair business. A person representing himself to be a son of Sig. Blitz had also been performing there, to poor business. He was not looked upon in a favorable light.

The following named professionals are in Boston, at the present writing, waiting for something to turn up:—Messrs. L. P. Reys, J. B. Studley, John Flood, J. B. Adams, W. W. Pratt, G. E. Wilson, J. P. Sutton, J. Taylor, W. R. Denham. Here is a company; now where is a manager to take them in hand? A number of female *artistes* are also resting from their labors.

C. F. Jones, low comedian, of the Aquarial Garden, Boston, will leave that city shortly for the seat of war; Charley Currier, tragedian, will also leave; both having received commissions.

J. Biddles, of the "Cocktail Guards," New Orleans Varieties, arrived in Boston last week, in a very calm, cool, and quiet manner.

Lent's National Circus was at New Haven, on the 14th, Waterbury 15th, Bristol 16th, New Britain 17th, Hartford 18th. On the 20th the show will be in Middletown, 21st in Colchester, 22d in New London, and 23d in Norwich, all in Connecticut. Business is said to have been fair. Joe Pentland, the clown, meets with favor in the Eastern country.

A concert company opened the Washington (D. C.) Theatre, on the 13th inst. The troupe made a grand *entree* through that city with a band wagon, and ten open carriages. The company consists of M'lle Lamaraux; Miss Lizzie Whelpley, M'lle Leanora, Miss Mary Newton, Miss Clifton, Miss Emma Miles, and a ballet troupe; A. M. Hernandez, the pantomimist; Paul Berger, Johnny Williams, Robt. Hall, J. Winans, Charley Backus, and Max Irwin. Max had visited the Firemen Zouaves, of this encampment, and had a "talk" with Harry and Johnny Lazarus, Mike Trainor, and the rest of the boys; all well but Johnny, who was to return home. Our correspondent says:—"Ned Buntline is here, with a red shirt and white cap, and he rides a splendid charger. He was at the theatre last night, 14th, and gave the boys an invite to his room at Willard's to have a glass of 'green seal' with him. Two or three 'big wigs' were of the party. The wine was ordered, songs sung, etc., but no wine appeared. The Worthy landlord would not send it up for fear the party would make a night of it, and disturb the boarders. He's a good man, but he can't keep a hotel."

Miss Jennie Hight's benefit took place at Metropolitan Hall, Indianapolis, on the 10th inst., on which occasion Mr. H. A. Hight made his first appearance in that city.

Antonio Brothers Circus was at Indianapolis on the 15th and 16th instant.

Jno. Robinson's Circus show in Indianapolis on the 22d.

The Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, was opened for the spring and summer season, on the 13th inst. The company comprises the names of Messrs. W. H. Briggs, T. E. Mills, H. A. Weaver, J. F. Lytton, J. S. Morrison, M. Slevin, Sidney Smith, J. Ashley, R. Ervin, and J. Pope; Mesdames H. F. Nichols, and Sidney Smith; Misses Virginia Howard, Jenny Glenn, Jennie Hight, Rachel Noah, Kate Noah, Thompson, Slevin, and Edwards. Sidney Smith is stage manager; J. F. Lytton, prompter; and J. H. Meech, treasurer. Miss Sallie St. Clair and Mr. Charles Barras were the opening stars.

St. John, N. B., was recently visited by quite a number of minstrel and other play folks from Uncle Sam's dominions. The Denier Brothers, acrobats and gymnasts, opened the ball on the 6th, and gave nine performances in all; Rumsey & Newcomb, with their minstrels, followed; and Shorey, Reynolds & Thomas' Minstrels succeeded them. On the 9th, the Deniers performed under the patronage of the Governor, to a very large attendance, and on the following day, the daring rope walking Denier, in response to a call from the Governor, called upon that official, who complimented him on his daring, etc. On the occasion of the Governor's patronage, Denier performed the feat of carrying a man on his back, across the rope. The Deniers were to have left St. John for Prince Edward Island, and thence to Halifax. Rumsey & Newcomb had done well in Halifax. On the 9th, at one hotel in St. John, the Yankees were in strong force. Rumsey & Newcomb's party numbered 18; Shorey's company 11, and the Deniers' party 6, making 35 full blooded Yankees in all. Rumsey & Newcomb were to open on the 16th at St. John, and Shorey's on the 23d, five nights; the latter open at Halifax on the 3d of June.

Hubbard's Panorama of the Prince of Wales' Tour was to have opened in Halifax on the 15th inst.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels left Indianapolis on the 11th for Terre Haute, *en route* for St. Louis.

W. L. Wood's Panorama of the "War in the South" opened at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, on the 13th.

C. N. Lewis' dramatic company closed at Utica on the 13th, with a benefit to the manager. They opened at Syracuse on the 14th, with Love's Sacrifice and Family Jars. The company consists of C. N. Lewis, J. H. Craig, T. H. Knight, W. A. Forrest, J. H. Rogers, Harry Howland, Irving Balfour, A. Lewis, Butler Boswell, Miss Emma Cushman, Miss Dillingham, Kincade, and Mrs. Howland. Miss Adah Isaacs Menken commences an engagement on the 22d.

Mr. Thomas Barry has been drilling a company of young men at the Boston Theatre for several weeks. In compliment to Mr. Barry, the Company is named the "Barry Drill Corps." About eighty names are on the roll, and the following officers have been elected: Geo. D. Fenno, Captain; G. Smith, 1st Lieut.; G. W. Dewhurst, 2d Lieut.; J. L. Forbes, 4th Lieut.; 1st Sergeant, D. Wiswell; 2d do., G. W. Livermore; 3d do., J. W. Cummings; 4th do., S. A. Bigelow. Corporals, 1st, E. P. Thayer; 2d, D. W. Merrill; 3d, N. Plympton; 4th, O. K. Kimball.

Messrs. Hurd and Perkins, of the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, were invited by many of the citizens to name the date when they would accept of a benefit. They replied, naming the 11th.

The Wells family were performing in Leavenworth City, Kansas, at last accounts, and Leon Prendergast was with them. Waugh's Mirror of Italy was also there, doing fairly.

Dick McGowan, banjoist, is now playing at the Bowery Concert Hall, St. Louis.

Joseph Whittaker, late ballad singer of Kunkel's Opera Troupe, is said to have recently met with an accident by the discharge of a pistol, upon which he had just placed a cap. His left hand was shattered so badly that it had to be amputated. Whittaker was at his residence on the Philadelphia road, about one mile and a half from Baltimore, where Tom Clannon, of New Orleans, and late of Gardiner and Adams' minstrels, was attending upon him.

Canada has been invaded by professionals from the States. In addition to the French Company at the Montreal Theatre, Mad. Fabbri gave concerts there, at Nordheimer's Music Hall, on the 14th and 15th insts. Last week was announced as the last of the French Company; they only did a middling business. Our correspondent says:—"A party calling themselves Christy's Minstrels, from Broadway, are announced to open here in Montreal in a few days, at Nordheimer's Hall. Professor Anderson telegraphed for the hall for one week. Lon Morris arrived here on the 13th; his Company open here on the 27th, for two weeks, and will undoubtedly do well, as many of our citizens have attended their entertainments in Boston, and were highly pleased with them."

The minstrel, and in fact all other companies, true to the principle of gravitation, make their way towards the great centre—New York. On Thursday, the 16th inst., Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels had approached as near as Poughkeepsie, where, at Pine's Hall, they gave one of their chaste entertainments. They next performed in Brooklyn on the 17th and 18th insts.

Sanford's Opera Troupe, of Philadelphia, left that city last week for a short trip in the rural parts of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. They stopped first at Trenton, from whence they proceeded to Bambertville, Easton, Bethlehem, Harrisburgh, and Pittsburgh.

C. N. Lewis, the proprietor of the Utica Theatre was the recipient of a benefit on the 13th inst. The bill presented on the occasion included a new Union Drama, adapted for the times by Harry Howland, one of the company, entitled "Major Anderson or the Hero of Fort Sumter." Also the Nautical Drama of the "Norwegian Wrecker, or the Beacon of Death," in which Mr. N. C. Lewis appeared in his favorite character of "Angerstoff," Captain of the Beacon, and the farce of Slasher and Crasher.

Our correspondent, "Adelphi," thus dilates on things theatrical in Pittsburgh, his document bearing date, May 18th:—FRIEND QUEEN—Contrary to all expectation, I am this week enabled to furnish you a much more gratifying report than I have been able to do for some time heretofore. The beautiful and dashing sensation actress, Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, commenced an engagement at the theatre on the 13th inst., leading off with the "French Spy" and "Lola Montez." A fine audience presented themselves, and extended the fair star a flattering welcome to our boards. On the 14th she appeared as Bianca, in the "Italian Wife," and likewise assumed six characters in the popular afterpiece—"A Day in Paris." Her Bianca was a really creditable performance, and she was well supported by Mr. Stetson as Fazio, and Mrs. Preston as Aldabella. On the 15th, she enacted Widow Cheerly in the "Soldier's Daughter," and Harriet in "Acquaintance from Infancy." On the 16th, the "Female Highwayman," with Adah as Jenny Divers, was brought out. She also appeared as the "Unprotected Female." She took a benefit on the 17th, on which occasion she appeared in seven characters—"Kate O'Brien, in "Perfection," and six *roles* in the new drama, "Fast Women of Modern Times." A new candidate for public favor—a boy about eleven years old, a relative of Miss Menken's, and styled the "Young American Blondin"—made his first appearance on the occasion as a rope walker. His performance consisted of walking a rope stretched from the stage to the upper gallery, some 150 feet, lying down on it, &c. It was remarkably good for a lad of his age, and he was enthusiastically cheered. He traversed the length of the cable four times, backwards and forwards, but he had no opportunity, however, to do his "pootiest," as the rope was not well secured, one of the guys parting on his first trip. To-night Miss M. appears as the Dumb Girl and Jack Sheppard, and young Blondin will repeat his ascension. The "Singing Cobbler" will likewise be performed, Mrs. Ettie Henderson as Nancy. The audiences have been excellent throughout the week, the gentler portion of mankind having a fair representation each evening. On the whole, the engagement has been successful, and the best which has been played in our city for a long time. Miss Menken remains with us next week. Mr. Ossmand Foster; property man, is not connected with the house at present. We notice several new names on the bills—Messrs. De Courcey and Powers. Sanford's Minstrels commence at this establishment on the 27th inst., for two weeks. They always draw overflowing houses in our village ..... On the 13th, an entertainment was given at Concert Hall, for the benefit of the Anderson Infantry, a volunteer corps in this city, of which Mr. D. G. Smyth is First Lieutenant. Among the volunteers on the occasion were the Misses F. B. Price, J. Butler and F. Edstrom; Messrs. D. L. Hanchett, L. Bernard, D. G. Smyth, Jno. Dougherty, H. Fitzgerald, C. U. Clements, and the Wallace brothers. The orchestra was under the direction of Messrs. Clements and Fitzgerald. The performance consisted of the "Conscript's Return," with D. Hanchett as Serg. Austerlitz, and Miss Price as Therese; "Soldier's Legacy;" "Sketches in India," Mr. Bernard as Tom Tape; national tableaux; and the Wallace brothers in their gymnastic performances. The occasion drew a fine audience, and everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner.....Trimble's Varieties has enjoyed a large influx of patrons during the current week. S. S. Purdy, jig dancer, and Ethiopian comedian is now performing there. This is the 4th engagement he has played at this house, a fact which speaks well for his popularity with our lovers of cheap amusement. Harry Thompson, buffo vocalist, commenced a second engagement this week. The Wallace brothers make their last appearance to-night. .....The Panametra of the Holy Bible is at present exhibiting at Mozart Hall to wretched business. This hall has been built but a short time, and is very handsomely finished. It is, however, entirely too far out of the way, which accounts in some degree for the poor success of the exhibition.....A large number of professionals are in the city out of employment. Messrs. D. E. Ralton and Lionel Bernard have retired from the profession for the time being, and invite their friends to call on them at the corner of Wylie and Fifth streets, where they have opened a refreshment saloon under the name and style of "Dramatic Shade and Court House Saloon." 'Tis true, 'tis pity—and pity 'tis, 'tis true.

Miss Henrietta Irving, an actress of Buffalo, considering herself a victim of unrequited affection, in a frenzied state of mind, entered Mr. Wilkes Booth's room at Stanwix Hall, Albany, on the 17th inst., armed with a dirk knife, and stabbed him in the face. She then retired to her own apartment and stabbed herself, but not fatally. Mr. Booth, it is said, trifled with her affections, which caused the knife work.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels "secede" from Boston and proceed to Montreal, C. E., where, on the 21st inst., at Mechanics' Hall, they will pour forth their melodies, and open their budget of negro eccentricities, funnyisms, &c., in the style for which they are noted, and in a manner, we doubt not, that will be acceptable to the good people of that city. After concluding their engagement there, they will visit the remaining principal cities of the Canadas and Eastern States, and re-open their Opera House, Boston, on August 1st.

Duprez & Green's company were at Indianapolis, Ind., on the 11th inst. Nelse Seymour, bone player, Gardner, and Talbot, were delighting the people of that locality, who set them down as "a whole team."

The Newark Theatre, Newark, N. J., as such, is no more, having been metamorphosed into a Music Hall, and called the Olympic, under the proprietorship of John Macarthy, Prof. G. F. Orrin being stage manager. Its inauguration on Monday, 13th inst., was attended with success, and the Newarkites patronized it liberally during the week. The prospects are that it will pay. They have a good company, and the performance is great, both in quantity and quality.

Quite an exodus of showmen from the U. S. to Canada and the Provinces is going on. No less than twenty seven were in St. Johns, N. B., a short time since.

The Pantoscope of the late visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, closed at Fredericktown, N. B., on the 10th inst., after one week's display to fair houses. It was to be exhibited at Halifax for two weeks, commencing on the 14th, when the proprietor, J. G. Hubbard, would leave with it for Europe.

Rumsey and Newcomb's party shut off steam at Halifax on the 13th inst. They did a fair business, and contemplate crossing the Atlantic.

The Denier Brothers, located at St. Johns, N. B., at last advices, have met with fair success. Europe is supposed to be their destination at an early date.

Shorey, Reynolds and Thomas' Minstrels were disappointed in their expectations of an earlier opening at St. Johns, N. B., having been unable to secure a hall until the 15th inst.

Whiston the humorist, was at Fulton, N. Y., on the 17th and 18th insts. His drolleries brought tears to the eyes of his audience. They were, therefore, the "Wept of the Whiston Wish." Where he will whist-on to from thence, we know not.

Mrs. Mat Peel's Campbell's Minstrels turned up at Guelph, C. W., on the 17th; from thence they proceed to London, C. W., and so on towards Lake Superior. They report business as having been dull, but improving.

Miss Fanny Herring, the pleasing comedienne, has been offered engagements at Philadelphia and Detroit, but in view of the checquered appearance of the times so far as the theatre is concerned, she has come to the conclusion not to accept them.

Miss Joey Gougenheim left the Atlantic for the Pacific shores on the 20th inst. She has made an engagement in California for a short summer season, but will return in time to fulfill her engagements here during the fall and winter. Miss Joey's reputation will, we feel assured, secure her as "big bizness" as times will admit of, anywhere.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Avenue
42-3m* HARRY EARNS, President.

AN ORGANIZATION of amateurs are busily hurrying forward the means whereby to get up a performance at a city theatre, for the benefit of the families of volunteers, and it needs but a few more of the right stamp to assist in working the affair through satisfactorily. Costumes have been offered gratuitously by Mr. Henry Cately, the Costumer, and accepted by the Committee on Finance. Mr. Butler, the President of the organization, entertains the hope of music being furnished gratis. A meeting will take place at Military Hall, 193 Bowery, Tuesday evening, 21st inst., when the House Committee will report. We enjoin all amateurs to attend, as the movement is a noble one, and worthy of participating in.

THE BURTON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, in pursuance to a call from the President, Mr. John Cooper, convened on business of importance, at Military Hall, on the 20th inst., but with what result we know not.

THE CHESTER DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Boston, Mass., gave a performance at Minot Hall, on the 14th inst., for the benefit of the Boston Volunteers. They performed "Little Toddlekins," "Faint Heart," a scene from "Hamlet," and "Two in the Morning." It was nearly two in the morning before they got through.

TROTTING AT POINT BREEZE PARK.—The Philadelphians were treated to two "goes" by fast horseflesh last week. The novelties, for so they were, drew a moderate number of spectators to witness them, who were well pleased with the sport. We append the summaries:—

WEDNESDAY, May 15.—Trotting, mile heats, best three in five to harness, for $500.

Mr McConnell names b m Capitola	1 1 1
Mr King names blk m Creole	2 2 2

Time, 2:38½; 2:40; 2:38.

THURSDAY, May 16.—Trotting, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, for $1000.

Mr Jas Turner names s h Albert Kimball	0 1 1 1
Mr Wm King names s h Whisky	0 2 2 2

Time, 2:39, 2:38½; 2:43¼; 2:44½.

NED BUNTLINE is about forming a regiment of experienced sharpshooters for skirmishing. He's just the man for this kind of work, and has "been through the mill" before.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS RACE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, the day on which this exciting equestrian contest was decided, was one of the greatest days ever known at Newmarket, the beautiful weather, in conjunction with the popularity of the sport, attracting an immense concourse of spectators to witness the event. Quite an army of equestrians surrounded the starting post, anxious to see the competitors canter out of the stable, and the favorites were followed by a large body of people, who eagerly scrutinized them and criticised their condition. As the horses formed into a line in readiness to start, the equestrian spectators gradually dispersed, and galloped in the direction of the winning post, two grey backs getting rid of their riders, and running wildly down the centre of the course, amidst the roars of the multitude. After many efforts were made to catch the brutes, they ran out at the top of the course, in the direction of the town, one of them being gallantly "hunted" by little Johnny Daley, whose efforts to catch the horse were unavailing. The scene at this moment was most striking, the vast number of mounted spectators, the long lines of carriages, and the crowds of country people forcing all to the conclusion that so large an assemblage had never before been witnessed on Newmarket heath. After only five minutes' delay, the race being set for 3:30, Mr. M George gave the signal, and at the first attempt a splendid start was effected, Diophantus taking a clear lead by himself on the whip hand, with Copernicus, Kettledrum, Imaus, Klarikoff and Overton next, side by side, Preceptress, Knight of St. Patrick, and Russley lying in the middle, Struggler and Antwerp bringing up the rear. With the exception of Preceptress going among the foremost horses, little change occurred till they got to the bushes, where Klarikoff, in attempting to come through, was shut out by Preceptress and another, Diophantus meanwhile going on with a lead of two or three lengths. Descending the hill Edwards took a pull at his horse, and those immediately following got nearer, Preceptress by this time having dropped behind Kettledrum, and Klarikoff, Imaus, and Copernicus going on fourth and fifth. Nothing could reach the leader, however, who being set going again came along at his ease on the upper ground, and won in a canter by three lengths, Kettledrum, who finished second, obtaining an advantage of a head over the favorite, Imaus being placed fourth, Copernicus was fifth, Knight of St. Patrick sixth, Preceptress seventh, and Gardner, Russley, Janus, and Sweet Hawthorn next, the last three being Anthem, Struggler and Antwerp. Nett value of the stakes, 3 500 sovs. Run in 1 minute 43 seconds.

We append a summary of the race, with the weights carried, &c.:—The Two Thousand Guineas' Stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs each, h ft; for three year olds; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 2lb; the second horse to save his stake; R.M. (64 subs.)

Lord Stamford's Diophantus, by Orlando, 8st 7lb	A Edwards 1
Colonel Towneley's Kettledrum, by Rataplan, 8st 7lb	J Snowden 2
Lord A. Lennox's Klarikoff, by De Clare, 8st 7lb	G. Fordham 3
Lord Stamford's Imaus, by Newminster, 8st 7lb	A. French 4
Mr. Gratwicke's Preceptress, by Robert de Gorham, 8st 2lb	H. Grimshaw 5
Lord Clifden's Anthem, by Surplice, 8st 7lb	J. Osborne 0
Lord Exeter's Knight of St. Patrick, by Knight of St. George 8st 7lb	Norman 0
Mr. Fitzwilliam's Antwerp, by Flying Dutchman, 8st 7lb	A. Day 0
Lord Glasgow's c by West Australian, out of Ciarissa, 8st 7lb	Aldcroft 0
Mr. Merrifield's Overton, by Teddington, 8st 7lb	L. Snowden 0
Mr. Merry's Russley, by Oulston, 8st 7lb	H. Withington 0
Sir C. Monck's The Gardener, by The Cure, 8st 7lb	Challoner 0
Mr. Payne's Copernicus, by Newminster, 8st 7lb	Charlton 0
Baron Rothschild's Janus, by King Tom, 8st 7lb	Wells 0
Lord Strathmore's Struggler, by Teddington, 8st 7lb	S. Rogers 0
Mr. Merry's Sweet Hawthorn, by Sweetmeat, 8st 2lb	Custance 0

Lord Stamford declared to win with Imaus.

BETTING AT STARTING.

2 to 1 agst Klarikoff	20 to 1 agst Copernicus
4 to 1 — Kettledrum	25 to 1 — Gardener
100 to 15 — Overton	25 to 1 — Diophantus
10 to 1 — Imaus	25 to 1 — Sweet Hawthorn
12 to 1 — Preceptress	50 to 1 — Janus
14 to 1 — Russley	50 to 1 — The Struggler

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF THE WINNER.

Diophantus belongs to Lord Stamford, and is a chestnut colt by Orlando, out of Equation. At Ascot, last year, carrying 8st 7lb, he won the Third Ascot Biennial Stakes, T Y C. by four lengths, beating Lupus, 8st 7lb, second; Wing, 8st 7lb, third; Copernicus, 8st 7lb, fourth; and the following not placed:—F by Stockwell—Bribery, British Prince, C by Surplice—Concertina, Canary, Letty West, Starlight, Volition, Camerino, Brilliant, and Sycophant. At Stockbridge, carrying 9st 11lb, he won the Mottisfont Stakes, T Y C. by half a length, beating Russley, 8st 10lb, second; Vinegar Hill, 8st 10lb, third; Snapdragon, 8st 7lb, fourth; and the following not placed:—C by Surplice—Concertina, Letty West, Arabia, and Orbit. At Newmarket, July, carrying 8st 7lb, he was not placed for the Chesterfield Stakes. At Goodwood, carrying 8st 12lb, he won the Molecomb Stakes, six furlongs, by a length, beating Parasite, 8st 12lb, second; Russley, 9st, third; Dr. Nichol, 8st 7lb, fourth; and Icarus, 8st 7lb, fifth. At Newmarket, Second October, carrying 8st 10lb, he ran fourth for the Prendergast Stakes. For Newmarket Stakes on Friday, May 31, paid forfeit.

The future engagements of Diophantus are as follows:—In the Derby Stakes, at Epsom; in the Third Biennial Stakes, at Ascot; in the Stewards' Plate, at Stockbridge; in a Sweepstakes of 300 sovs each, at Goodwood; and in the St. Leger Stakes, at the Newmarket First October Meeting.

WINNERS OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

1809..Wizard	1828..Cadland	1847..Conyngham
1810..Hephestion	1829..Patron	1848..Flatcatcher
1811..Trophonious	1830..Augustus	1849..Nunnykirk
1812..Cwrw	1831..Riddlesworth	1850..Pitsford
1813..Smolensko	1832..Archibald	1851..Hernandez
1814..Olive	1833..Clearwell	1852..Stockwell
1815..Tigris	1834..Glencoe	1853..West Australian
1816..Nectar	1835..Ibraham	1854..Hermit
1817..Manfred	1836..Bay Middleton	1855..Lord of the Isles
1818..Interpreter	1837..Achmet	1856..Fazzoletto
1819..Anfar	1838..Grey Momus	1857..Vedette
1820..Pindarrie	1839..The Corsair	1858..Fitz Roland
1821..Reginald	1840..Crucifix	1859..The Promised Land
1822..Pastillo	1841..Ralph	1860..The Wizard
1823..Nicolo	1842..Meteor	1861..Diophantus
1824..Schabriar	1843..Cotherstone	
1825..Enamel	1844..The Ugly Buck	
1826..Dervise	1845..Idas	
1827..Turcoman	1846..SirTattonSykes	

THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS RACE was run on Thursday, May 2d, and was very exciting, more particularly towards the close, a splendid dash for the second place being made between Fairwater and Brown Duchess. A large crowd assembled at the starting post, and did not disperse until the time fixed on the card for the race had expired. At about ten minutes after the appointed time, the white flag was seen to flutter in the distance, and the excitement among the spectators manifested itself in a loud murmur. Precisely at ten minutes after three, the race being set for 2 50, the flag fell, and Mr. McGeorge dispatched the "ladies" in excellent order, Nemesis making the running; Fairwater second, Brown Duchess and Preceptress close up, Lady Louisa in advance of the next lot, the last of which were Sweet Hawthorn and Bas Bleu. At the T.Y.C. post the latter two were beaten. No change took place after this during the race, Nemesis holding the command throughout. Descending the hill the pace improved, but no alteration in places occurred, Nemesis winning by a length, Fairwater beating Brown Duchess a head for second place, Preceptress was a bad fourth. *Nett value of the stakes*, £3200. Run in 1min 50sec.

SUMMARY OF THE RACE.—The One Thousand Guineas' Stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs each, half forfeit; for three year old fillies, 8st 7lb each; the second filly to save her stake; D. M. (41 subs.)

Mr Fleming's Nemesis, by Newminster, 8st 7lb	Fordham 1
Mr. Cartwright's Fairwater, by Loup Garou, 8st 7lb	J. Osborne 2
Mr. Saxon's Brown Duchess, by Flying Dutchman, 8st 7lb	L. Snowden 3
Sir H. Des Veux's Redpole, by Orlando, 8st 7lb	S. Rogers 0
Mr. Gratwicke's Preceptress, by Robert de Gorham, 8st 7lb	Grimshaw 0
Sir J. Hawley's Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, 8st 7lb	Wells 0
Mr. Merry's Sweet Hawthorn, by Sweetmeat, 8st 7lb	Custance 0
Mr. W. Robinson's Lady Louisa, by Flying Dutchman, 8st 7lb	Aldcroft 0
Baron Rothschild's Queen of the Vale, by King Tom, 8st 7lb	Charlton 0

BETTING AT STARTING.

2 to 1 agst Brown Duchess	10 to 1 agst Sweet Hawthorn
7 to 2 — Preceptress	100 to 1 — Nemesis
4 to 1 — Fairweather	100 to 6 — Bas Bleu
8 to 1 — Lady Louisa	25 to 1 — Redpole

PEDIGREE, PERFORMANCES, AND ENGAGEMENTS OF THE WINNER.

Nemesis is a bay filly by Newminster—Versoviana (Rawcliffe Stud) bred by Mr. Bennett, in 1852, got by Ion, her dam by Langar, Sister to Cobweb, by Phantom.

At the Newmarket First Spring last year, carrying 8st 5lb, she was not placed for the Newmarket Two Year old Plate. At the Newmarket July, carrying 6st 8lb, she was not placed for the Stamford Plate, for all ages, six furlongs, won by Satellite, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb. At the same meeting carrying 8st 4lb, she was not placed for the Chesterfield Stakes. At Goodwood, carrying 8st 4lb, she was second for the Findon Stakes. At the same meeting, carrying 7st 10lb, she was not placed for the Nursery Handicap. At Lewes, carrying 7st 10lb, she won the Two Year old Stakes, five furlongs, in a canter, beating Maid of Peru, 7st 13lb. At Egham, carrying 8st 3lb she won the King John Stakes, six furlongs, in a canter. At the same meeting, carrying 8st she won the Baron's Handicap, six furlongs in a canter. At Warwick, September, carrying 6st 13lb, she won a sweepstakes, for all ages, six furlongs, by a length and a half, beating, Fravola 3 yrs, 8st 10lb, second, and five others. Her present engagements are the Oaks at Epsom, and the Stamford Plate, in the Newmarket July Meeting.

THE YACHT HENRIETTA was to have been launched on the afternoon of Saturday last, but something hung fire and prevented it, consequently a postponement was ordered, till Monday afternoon or Tuesday morning at highwater. The Henrietta belongs to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr. She is 153 tons, custom-house measurement, heavily built, and with Mr. Ive's new yacht, Hope, of 120 tons, also built by Mr. Steers, belongs to the New York Yacht Squadron. By a recent resolution of the yacht owners of the New York Yacht Club, their yachts were tendered, by Commodore Stevens, to the United States Government, for any purpose compatible with their capacity, and the above are the first yachts selected by the Government, and their owners have been appointed Lieutenants Commanding.

CRICKET.

DUTIES OF UMPIRES.—An Umpire should be a player practically familiar with every point of the game. The position is an honorable one, but its duties are anything but agreeable, as it is next to an impossibility to give satisfaction to all parties concerned in a match. It is almost unnecessary to remark that the first duty of an Umpire is, to enforce the rules of the game with the strictest impartiality; and in order to do so, it would be well for him the moment he assumes his position in a match, to close his eyes to the fact of there being any one player among the contestants that is not an entire stranger to him; by this means he will free his mind from any friendly bias. He should also be as prompt as possible in rendering his decisions; as promptitude, in this respect, implies good judgment, whereas hesitancy gives rise to dissatisfaction, even when the decision given is correct. Whenever a point is to be decided upon, rest the decision upon the first impression made upon your mind, for however incorrect at times, it invariably makes your decision an *impartial* one. When the point on which judgment is required is doubtful, the rule requires the decision to be given in favor of the bat. An Umpire should avoid conversation with any of the contesting parties while the game is in progress, and he should turn a deaf ear to all outside comments on his decisions, remembering that no gentleman, especially if a player, would be guilty of such rudeness, and the remarks of others are unworthy of notice. When an Umpire assumes his position, his first duty, after supervising the pitching of the wickets, which he should do as if he was going to bowl himself, is to see that a proper understanding exists between the contending parties in reference to the time of beginning and ending the game; also, as to whether the match is to be played out, or decided by the result of the first innings, and also as to what circumstances will occasion the game to be drawn. These facts should be ascertained by conference with the Captains of the two elevens, who alone have the power to appoint the time of pitching the wickets and drawing the stumps, the Umpire's duty being solely to see that the arrangements made and the laws of the game are strictly adhered to, and not to act as advocates of the interests of the parties they represent, which is too often the case in matches in this locality. It is not advisable—though not inconsistent with impartial action—that either of the Umpires should be members of the clubs they represent, as, in such cases, adverse decisions will generally be attributed to a friendly bias, even when thoroughly fair decisions have been given. When the Umpires have taken their stations—one at each wicket—their separate duties are as follows:—The Umpire at the bowler's wicket stands about six feet behind it, but not so as to interfere with the movements of the bowler in delivering the ball. After giving the batsman his guard or block—which should be done from the side the bowler will deliver from, especially in round arm bowling—and that all is in readines to begin, he calls "play;" after which time, until the "over" is called, the ball shall be considered as in play, except as in the cases alluded to in law 29. He then carefully watches, first, the arm of the bowler in delivery, in order that law 10 shall be abided by; and then his foot, that the 40th law may not be infringed. In regard to the latter, if the toe of the bowler is not over or on the crease, the delivery is fair; for he cannot deliver the ball unless his toe is actually on the ground, the reason being, that he rests his body on the right foot in giving impetus to the ball; therefore think nothing of his foot being over or on the crease when lifted. The observation of these movements of the arm and foot must be almost simultaneous, and in fact the requisite attention cannot be given at the same time to both, therefore notice which of the two laws the bowler is most likely to infringe, and give your principal attention to the one he fails to abide by. The next thing is, to watch the progress of the ball from the bowler's hand to the wicket, being careful to observe the precise spot where the ball pitches, in doing which the Umpire should see that it does no within the lines that run from the outer stumps of each wicket, one to the other, for unless the ball does so pitch, the batsman cannot be given out leg before wicket. If the ball does pitch straight, but in rising would have bounded over the wicket, or diverged clear of it, if not impeded by the batsman's legs, he cannot be given out "leg before wicket;" he can only be given out when the ball, after pitching *within* the lines above indicated, would have taken the wicket but for the interposition of some part of the batsman's person except his hands—and of this fact the Umpire must be perfectly satisfied before he gives the batsman out leg before wicket. This is one of the most important parts of an Umpire's duty, and one that leads to more dissatisfaction than any other, more unfair and partial decisions being given on this point than any other in the game.

In regard to wide balls, the legitimate reach of the batsman is the sole guide of the umpire. If the bat does not cover the line of the ball, when the batsman reaches out to hit it—without his leaving his position at the wicket to do so, it must be considered as a wide ball; and the same if it be bowled over his head. But if he goes out of his ground to meet it, and hits it, no matter how wide of the wicket it may be, it is not a wide ball.

The umpire should also pay attention to the rise of the ball, and see that it does not touch the hands or gloves, or any part of the bat, before it be caught by either the wicket keeper or fieldsmen, with a view of deciding on any appeal for a catch; and when the ball is struck by the end of the bat when near

THE PALMETTO FLAG.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER:—It's scandalous, it's atrocious, it's shameful, it's diabolical; on every side we turn we are met by poems on the Union, the Stars and Stripes, the Constitution, God bless 'em all, but we find nothing in the way of poetry on the Flag of the Transient Confederacy, or the Revolutionary firm of Davis & Co. Do you call that fair play? Of course you don't; you can't. Therefore I demand that you will immediately insert in your journal the following sublime effusion. Who it was written by is nothing to you, "or any other man." Suffice it for you that it is disrespectfully dedicated to Benedict Arno—no, no—I mean Jefferson Davis, By the public's obedient servant, JOHN F. POOLE.

A POSTROFY,

TO THEE PALMETTY FLAG—JEFFERSON DAVIS—BOWREGARD—KING KOTTON—AN OTHUR THINGS.

BY THEE ORTHER.

POSTROFY FIRST.

TO THEE FLAG.

Oh, flag of abbreviate stars an' stripes,
Thee standard sheet of seesashun,
Of kourse you isn't thee 'riginal thing,
But a wery good imitashun.
You isn't thee one for wich Washington fit,
An' Warren bled an' died for;
Wich Jackson karried at New Orleans,
An' umbled soldiers pride for.
Your seven stars stand for thee leaders bold,
To whom we all so much will owe;
For Davis, Wigfall, an' Bowregard,
Twiggs, Bragg, McCullough, an' Pillow—
Who have mustered their forces to pepper thee North,
If thee North doesn't give them a banging;
But you 'mind me of them still more an' more,
When so high I see you a hanging.

POSTROFY SEKOND.

TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Oh, wonderful man
Dare I hope my pen can
Do justice to such a grate feller as you.
Oh, wot can I say,
Or wot kin I do,
In a poetick manner to put you through?
Ah, where shall I look,
In wot history or book,
To find out your ekwal by hook or by crook?
There was Seizer an' Grackus,
Punchus Pilot an' Backus,
Napowlion, Mark Antony, Bruteus an' Burr,
One an' all in their time made a sort of a stir;
There was Allover Crommell, that knocked off the krown
From thee head of a king. But to come later down,
There's Looi Napowlion, a grate man indeed,
But they're nothin' to you, for they didn't secede.
Ah, where kin I find out a match for you? Where?
If I don't hit it soon I'll give up in dispare.
I have it, grate Davis, no fear of a libel
In a kounterpart for you, his name's in the bible.
The first of seceders, I read it at skool,
He was tired of serving, he wanted to rule;
But history tells us what to him befell,
He was kicked out of Heaven and driven to —— well,
You kin see in the book,
If you happen to look,
The way that was taken his goose for to cook.
Now between you and I,
I've been told—it's no lie—
By a man wot's deep letter'd, a grate *rary avis*
That's Lucifer's latin for Jefferson Davis.

POSTROFY THIRD.

TO BOWREGARD.

[N. B.—The orther being obligded, after various attempts, to konfess his inability to do justiss to the jimereal, borrowed the following from another poict.]

A TRIBUTE TO BEAUREGARD.

Oh Beauregard! Oh Beauregard!
When at West Point you went to school,
You heard how Arnold tried to sell
That same West Point to British rule.

No doubt you cursed the traitor's bones,
And never thought that you some day,
By wicked thirst for power led on,
The perjured Arnold's part would play.

That 'gainst the flag that proudly waved
O'er Freedom's land, your hand would turn;
And in the heart that vowed to guard,
The hellish fires of treason burn.

But so it is, and your reward
Will scorn be from shore to shore,
And those who speak of Beauregard
Will curse his memory evermore.

POSTROFY FOURTH.

TO KING KOTTON.

King Kotton, no doubt you're a werry good king,
But kings are a kinder played out;
Eighty-five years ago they went outer style here,
When we put the king's forces to rout.

A republick's the fashion we've gotten instead—
If against it konfederates should jump—
The rulers are korn, gunpowder an' lead,
Kotton's worsted, an' hemp's the trump.

POSTROFY FIFTH.

TO OTHUR THINGS.

Oh, warious divers othur things!
Oh, things of warious kinds!
Oh, men with harts an' narves of steel,
Oh, men with mitey minds,
Oh, things wot's good to argufy
With u-ni-on dissolvers;
Such little toys as howitzers,
Sharpe rifles an' rewolvers,
And bowey knives an bayonets,
Columbuyads an' mortars;
Bumshells an' grapes to yuse on land,
An' gunbotes on thee waters.
Oh, Fireboys an' Zooaveys,
We hails you with three cheers;
Oh, gallant Seventh! Oh, Sixty-Ninth!
Oh other volunteers!
Oh Massachusetts Yankee boys,
Oh fellers from Rhode Island,
May big sucksess your efforts krown
Wether on sea or dry land;
And on you when thee fightin's done,
And you're safe home in clover.
May the poicts blessings fall like rain,
And kiver you all over.

"FORTY-FIVES;"

OR,

A DEADLY GAME FOR A WIDOW'S CLOCK.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAS. C. POPE.

PHELIM McDOWD, direct from "swate Youghal Harbor," kept a "nate little gin shop" in the classic neighborhood of the Points, for the benefit of his exchequer, the appetite of the "boys from home," and for the accommodation of the public *gin*-erally.

McDowd, like many of the wandering sons of Green Erin, sought the hospitable shores of the United States stimulated with the fervent hope of making a "big thing" in the way of a golden fortune; but, like many of his countrymen, "before his time," he went to sleep to awake again, discovering himself—excuse the bull—"boxed up" under ground.

Subsequent to McDowd's "shuffling off," the widow grew poverty stricken and a raffle for a clock was proposed "among the friends of the family." Several of the boys engaged to "put in" for a chance at a dollar a head; but, on the night appointed for the affair to come off, only six appeared to back their names with the "possibles" requisite for admission to play.

Upon mutual agreement, a game at cards common to Irishmen, and known as "forty-fives," was selected to decide the "lucky man." By casting knaves, partners were chosen, Darby O'Cloud being awarded the first deal, having received the first knave.

"How are we agoin' to play?" enquired one, placing a quid of tobacco into his big "meat trap," capacious enough to stumble a mule. "Is it rob king, rob ace?"

"Not at all," responded Phadrig O'Neil, a thumping big fellow, bearing a mug as hard looking as a stone wall, "We'll play rob ace alone, wid five for the best thrump."

"Yes, begorra, we'll play in the ould style," chimed in another, snuffing a twopenny dip that was burning in a pop bottle.

And so it was unanimously adopted.

In playing "forty-fives," as proposed, the dealer turning an ace as trumps is entitled to the same, with a count of five to his score. The holder of the best card counts ten—five by play, and five by honor. When a party runs a "jink"—that is, winning every trick of the hand played—they are considered game.

"Dale the cards, O'Cloud," said Phadrig, "an' don't be a making a *gaumaugh* ov yureself."

O'Cloud was casting "sheep's eyes" towards a young woman that sat by the warm stove toasting her calves, at the same time conversing with O'Cloud, in Irish, on her propriety in doing so.

"It's ounly a word I'm sayin' to her."

"Dale the cards now, and talk afterwards."

"I'll do as I plaze, O'Nale—I'm not behouldin' to yez."

"Ye'll plaze us all if ye'll dale the cards."

"*Nabocklish*, O'Cloud; dale the cards an' let's have no more o' yer nonsince," rang in a peace man of the party. "Divil blow me to Hell's gateway, if ever I seen such two min! Begorra, they can't sit down to play a game of cards but they must quarrel an' gabble joost like two ould wimin."

"There's enough said," remarked another.

"Faith, there'll be more yet, I'm thinkin'," whispered the young woman in the corner to the widow McDowd.

The latter replied:—

"I see a murtherin' divil in O'Nale's eye. He has somethin' in for O'Cloud the night."

"Then let's up stairs, out ov the way."

"Is it me to lave my own house whin there's a goin' to be spillin' ov blood? Divil save the bit ov it." The widow possessed herself of an oaken pot-stick. "The first man of thim that attempts a fight, I'll knock the thick head of him wid this. Be aisy, my girl, an' sit where ye are. You'll see sport."

The cards, in the meantime, were dealt, and play began. The ten of clubs was the trump card, and play was led off with the Queen of Clubs.

"Phat in blue blazes, Ted McMahon, made ye go an' play the Queen? Don't ye know that O'Cloud here is bound to take his dalein' thrick?"

No response was given, and the next player covered the Queen with the King.

"Dan Monaghan!" exclaimed O'Neil, who was partner with Dan, "phat in soukins did ye mane by such dirty play as that?"

"It's good play," returned Dan, examining the rest of his cards. The next man proceeded to "rob."

"Good play is it; an' the man nixt ye agoin' to rob! The divil wid such play as that!"

"Bedad, Phadrig, I niver let a good card pass me whin I can bate it wid a bether wan."

The third player, stripping the deck head, played his ace heavy, saying as he did—"That for yez, *mabouchal!*"

"An' that for you, yer rascal ye!" cried the fourth player, bringing his card whack on the pine table. It was the ace of hearts.

"The same for you, ye spalpeen!" essayed the next player, with a tremendous knock of his great mawley on the board.

"The Jack, by the howly!" shouted several of the players.

"That's good play—divil save such playin' as that I ever seen," put in an old woman standing by, a witness to the game.

"An' the five fingers, too!" roared O'Cloud, rising clear from his chair, and with a thump, such as Irishmen only can give when "takin' a dalein' thrick," brought the card down on the table, making the pop bottle with the tallow taper dance again.

"Hur-r-roo! yer sowl for it, O'Cloud!" exclaimed his partner, elated.

"Be damn, if such hands of cards ever was played before!"

"Faix, as all the big cards is played, I think O'Cloud'll take the clock."

"He's a lucky boy."

"Ay, faith, is he."

Darby, after a swallow of beer, led off with the King of Hearts. "A thrump to bate that." It was taken by Darby's partner, with the four spot of trumps.

"That's you, me boy! Play agin."

He played a low card of the spade suit, and Darby sent in, in his turn, the deuce of clubs.

"Bate it, who can?" He then led off with the tray.

"Hurroo, boys!" he exclaimed, "we'll go a 'jink,' be gorra?"

"Arrah, divil save the 'jink!'" remarked O'Neil.

"Phat'll ye bet, O'Nale?"

"A thrate all round—for all in the house."

"I'm wid ye. Play away, boys; it's for the beer all 'round."

The trick was won by Darby, and himself and partner had but another to go to make a "jink."

"Now, then," said Darby, gazing at O'Neil rather sharp and venomously, which portrayed a degree of secret animosity existing between the two men, "play on that, an' thin pay for the dhrinks." The six spot of trumps was played by Darby. Each player sent in his card with disgust, until the play come to O'Neil, who was the last. All eyes were turned upon him, but not a soul uttered a word. O'Neil rose from his seat, and, standing erect, poised his card high above his head, and giving O'Cloud a look of disdain, raised himself on his toes, and with a fearful *ona mon dhul*, brought down his card with such herculean power as to knock the table into smithereens, sending everything into chaos.

"Yer not out, O'Cloud!" he shouted.

"Phat did ye play to bate me, O'Nale?"

"The five fingers!"

"Is it the five of thrumps ye mane?"

"Phat else?"

"Sure I played it in the first thrick!"

"An' didn't I play it in the last?"

"Yer a liar, O'Nale!"

"You're another." O'Neil received a terrific right-hander from O'Cloud, but before the latter could square himself for defence, O'Neil, infuriated, rushed at him, and with a well directed left, sent his assailant reeling over the stove.

"Howly Moses, what's this?" bellowed the widow, as she gave O'Neil, from behind, a taste of the pot stick.

"It mane's this, Misthress McDowd!" exclaimed O'Neil, maddened with pain, and seizing the unlucky time piece from off the rickety mantel piece, dashed it at the fallen Darby, who had not yet regained his footing, and giving him a slight kick over the eyebrow desired him to get up if he was a man.

Several of the stout fellows present assisted in getting O'Neil out into the street, where he pulled off his shirt, and called loudly for O'Cloud to come out and meet him.

"Darby O'Cloud!" he yelled, "yer mane man's son, yer whelp ye; I can bate any man of yer dirty name. Come out if you're a man!"

Darby responded to O'Neil's polite invitation, in spite of his friends, who endeavored to prevent a collision between the two men.

"Here I am, O'Nale!" roared Darby, tearing his shirt from his hide into ribbons. "Don't be houldin' me back. I can bate a dozen O'Nale's."

"Yer thief, ye," said O'Neil; "yer niver got the suck to bate an O'Nale."

Darby broke away from the friends that was "houldin' him back," and with a blind rush let drive at O'Neil; but, missing his mark, the latter stepped aside, and caught him under the left listener with his right, sending Darby clean into the street gutter, his nose acting as a ploughshare rooting a passage way for the admission of his head into the offal, which lay in heaps the whole length and breadth of the street.

In a moment O'Neil was surrounded by the friends of the fallen Darby.

"Kape off!" shouted O'Neil, in an attitude of defiance, "kape off, every man's son o' ye, or ther'll be murdher. Get up, Darby, an' fight me like a man."

Darby was unconscious of O'Neil's polite invitation, and sensibly remained in the gutter.

"He's a mane dirty coward!"

"He's not a coward, O'Nale."

"You're a liar, Pat Hogan."

'Can ye make yer lie good?"

"Thry me."

"Bedad an' I will."

A mob had quickly gathered, and not a "limb of the law" could be seen. Hogan was a powerfully built man, strongly knit, as agile as a monkey, and looked as ferocious as an alligator. O'Neil compared favorably in point of size with Hogan, but was his superior in strength and science.

In their bare buffs these two models of nature's best mould rushed at each other, and for a time fought like raging tigers. First one down and then the other; then a clinch, a toss, and a shout from the surrounding mob.

In a quick rally for a hold, O'Neil gained the advantage, but as he was about to execute the cross buttock, he received a blow on the head from a meddling policeman, who rushed to the scene unobserved, and poor Phadrig reeled to the earth, his opponent falling heavily with him.

The mob was dispersed by a posse of police, and the two combatants were carted off to the station house.

Early next morning an officer entered O'Neil's cell to inform him of O'Cloud's death, and that he was charged as being the murderer; but to the great horror of the officer, the man whom, the night before, he had placed there as a prisoner, in full robust health apparently, lay stiff and cold, his eyes closed in life's endless dream.

Upon medical examination, it was fully ascertained that he died during the night from congestion on the brain, superinduced by the foul blow given by the too hasty officer.

O'Cloud was smothered in the gutter filth during the melee, his friends neglecting to pick him up in their moments of excitement.

O'Cloud and O'Neil were interred in one grave; and now two families "over the water" are anxiously awaiting to hear a "word from America." Let them forever be ignorant of their friends' long silence.

DR. WINSHIP'S PHYSICAL PRACTICE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us from Norwich, Ct., and wishes to be posted in Dr. Winship's theory and practice. For his enlightenment, and presuming that it may not be uninteresting to a majority of our readers, we publish the following report of the opening of the gymnastic tournament at Bryan Hall, Chicago, in February last, at which the herculean M. D. was present and inaugurated the opening with a brief lecture upon the benefit of gymnastic exercise and the harmonious development of the physical in accordance with the laws of nature and hygiene. After tracing the connection between health and strength, the mental and moral effects of physical attainments and duties in this respect incumbent upon the guardians of education, the Doctor laid down the following rules of health:—

1. Breathe as much of the time as possible air that is perceptibly in motion; that conveys to you the idea of freshness and purity, and that is accessible to the sun, or would be were the sun shining. Breathe deeply and quickly just previous to a great momentarily muscular exertion. Breathe slowly and slightly, avoiding any unnecessary exertion, while passing through an impure atmosphere; but the moment you enter a pure one, then fully, deeply, and quickly, until you are fully convinced that you have indemnified yourself for the damage you may have just previously sustained; and breathe usually with the mouth closed, head up, chest out, and shoulders down.

2. Eat and drink what is agreeable to the taste, harmless to the teeth, and what has not come in contact with poisonous metals.

3. Exercise duly every faculty and every function.

4. Exercise gymnastically about a half hour daily, or an hour once in two days, and in a place free from dust, thoroughly sunned and ventilated, and midway between one meal and another, rather than immediately before or after one. Perform the most of the time with the mouth closed, head up, chest out, and shoulders down.

5. Sleep above the earth not less than fifteen feet, and above the floor not less than two feet, where the sun and air may freely and abundantly enter, and upon anything rather than a feather bed. Keep the face uncovered and the head a little elevated, and the mouth closed. Sleep in a draught of the outer air, having accustomed yourself to it by degrees.

6. Practise general ablution as often as once a week, but rarely more often than twice.

7. Practise cautiously in lifting a little more every day, until you find that you have no weak points about you.

In regard to the gradual increase of his strength, the Doctor said that he commenced the practice of lifting in August, 1855; at which time he was in his 22d year, beginning with 400 pounds. He continued the practice daily, until the close of the year, at which time he lifted 700 pounds. On the twelfth of May he lifted 929 pounds, and on the 15th of December of the same year, 1032 pounds; on the 18th of January, 1133 pounds; on the 10th of last May, 1208 pounds. This is the heaviest that he has lifted with his hands. By a harness passing over his neck, he increased his lifting power to 1934 pounds.

At the close of the lecture the lifting feat for the prize of $200 commenced. The weight to be lifted consisted of kegs of nails, each weighing 100 pounds, arranged in a sling of ropes, and suspended from a high platform. The only competitors were the Doctor and Mr. Thompson, of the Metropolitan Gymnasium. The first weight lifted by each was nine kegs, weighing, with the connections, about 1000 pounds. The second, ten kegs, weighing 1100 pounds, was lifted with apparent ease by the Doctor. Mr. Thompson attempted so to lift it several times, but failed and gave it up. These weights were lifted by main strength of arm.

The Doctor then put on his harness, consisting of an iron chain passing over the neck, and lifted about 1500 pounds. Upon a second attempt, the hook to which he fastened his chain was found to be broken, and it became impossible to proceed, as he could not adjust it to his height. The harness which Mr. Thompson used was of a different description, bringing the strain upon the hips, instead of the shoulders and back, as is the case with the Doctor's, thereby rendering a person capable of supporting a much greater weight. This harness not fitting the Doctor, owing to the disparity of the two in size, he declined any further attempts under a disadvantage, and Mr. Thompson proceeded by degrees until he had lifted 2106 pounds. The Doctor expressed to us his entire confidence that with a harness of a similar description he could lift 2500 pounds, and that he had found none yet who could lift over 1200 pounds in his style.

In addition to lifting, the Doctor displayed his wonderful strength of arm and hand by suspending himself from the round of a ladder for a considerable length of time by his little finger. He also lifted and shouldered a barrel of flour which had been provided, weighing 229 pounds, being some fifteen pounds heavier than ordinary barrels to which he was accustomed. Messrs. Curtis and Thompson performed sundry feats of strength, which closed the evenings' entertainment.

The Doctor is rather a thin man, weighing about 148 pounds, but remarkably broad shouldered and deep chested. He has no spare flesh about him, and appears to be in the very perfection of health. Whatever the truth of his theory, his rules of health are worth a trial at the hands of every one.

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